




# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 1, 1965 35 CENTS

**CHUVALO  
VS.  
PATTERSON**

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A tough Canadian bids  
for heavyweight honors

A man in a tuxedo and bow tie is smiling and holding a silver tray with two glasses of drinks. In the foreground, on a round table with a dark blue cloth, sits a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon and two more glasses. The background is a blurred, elegant indoor setting with chandeliers and other guests.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by TIME INC., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, accepts one issue at your risk. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian \$2.50 per year. This rate published in a national edition only.

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## Next week

**ZEKE OF CABIN CREEK** is what his fellow Los Angeles Lakers call pro basketball's Jerry West, who came out of the West Virginia mountains to win acclaim—way out West.

**A BIRD GOD AT WORK** in the field is a shilling sight. It will never be seen to better advantage than in these color pictures by Hanson Carroll of last year's champion, War Storm.

**AN OPERATING SKATER** is what Olympian Tenley Albright has become. She is a surgeon and the wife of a wrestling philologist. Barbara La Fontaine brings her back onstage.





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# SCORECARD

## THE GAINESVILLE PLAN

Under the pressures of college football recruiting, some high school stars have suffered nervous breakdowns and parents have complained that their sons have not been able to study or get proper rest.

None of this is going to happen henceforth at Gainesville (Fla.) High School, which has seen almost 50 graduates get football scholarships in the past 10 years. Jim Niblack, football coach and director of athletics, has laid down some laws:

1) College recruiters will not be permitted to talk to players, either by personal visit or telephone, until after the football season.

2) Players may not visit any college campus during the season, or accept tickets to college games.

3) College alumni are barred from approaching players for recruiting.

4) Summer visits to colleges are not permitted.

The school will, however, provide recruiters with films of spring practice and an assistant coach to discuss prospects. It will also furnish academic grades, dash times and other needed data. But any college violating the rules will be put on a blacklist and in evaluating players will be cut off.

The plan has won full approval of players and parents. It has our approval, too. Gainesville High has arrived at a sane and fair solution at the first and most important level where recruiting excesses can be controlled.

## A MOUTH BY ANY OTHER NAME

The clownish mellence of the self-styled Muhammad Ali, ne Cassius Marcellus Clay, has become a bore. It is time that he changed his act. He is well on his way to becoming the most unpopular heavyweight champion since Jack Johnson.

He has never been so tasteless as on his visit to the training camp of Floyd Patterson, whom he taunted, without a shred of cause, as an "Uncle Tom Negro," as vicious an insult as one Negro can hurl at another.

After winning the championship, Clay

announced that he would conduct himself with dignity, asserting that his loud-mouth antics were designed solely to win him a title shot and build up a gate. Apparently he overestimated himself.

## WING DING

To measure the annual duck harvest, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife used to rely heavily on questionnaires sent to hunters. But these turned up several kinds of bias (like bragging) and failure to identify species correctly. In recent years, therefore, the bureau has been sending thousands of bag envelopes to selected hunters with a request that they mail back a wing from each duck they kill, along with details as to time and place. This past season 28,000 of these envelopes from all parts of the central flyway accumulated in a freezer in Fort Collins, Colo., there to be sorted by 40 identification experts from the bureau and seven state game departments.

Among their discoveries: several wings from coots, which are not ducks, and one from a turkey, which is not a duck either.

## THE WAY IT WAS

As played today, according to Luther Hodges, retired Secretary of Commerce, basketball is sissy stuff compared to what it was like when he was just out of the University of North Carolina.

"Back then [it was 1920]," he said, "they blew the whistle when you began to bleed." He remembered a game he played on a YMCA team against his alma mater. An elbow caught him in the mouth and knocked out a front tooth.

"The whistle didn't blow," he said. "I picked up the tooth off the floor, and the whistle didn't blow. I walked over to the bench and gave it to the one extra player we had, and the whistle didn't blow. It never blew and I had the tooth put back in that night in Durham."

## SOME 500-TO-1 SHOTS

As he has been doing for the past several years, Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder has forwarded to us from his Las Vegas of-

fice his winter-book line on the major league baseball pennant races. It is based on man-to-man wagering and does not represent what would be offered by a Las Vegas sports book. Here it is.

National League: Los Angeles 3 to 1; Philadelphia 7 to 2; St. Louis 4 to 1; San Francisco 4 to 1; Cincinnati 5 to 1; Milwaukee 30 to 1; Pittsburgh 30 to 1; Chicago 100 to 1; Houston 500 to 1; New York 500 to 1.

American League: New York 2 to 1; Baltimore 5 to 2; Chicago 4 to 1; Minnesota 8 to 1; Detroit 15 to 1; Cleveland 25 to 1; Los Angeles 25 to 1; Boston 35 to 1; Washington 300 to 1; Kansas City 500 to 1.

## BOAST

The National Shooting Sports Foundation, Inc. proudly reports in a publicity release that "J.J. Jones, the jailer of Knox County, Tennessee, found that out of 10,000 inmates less than 2% had owned fishing or hunting licenses."

## SPORTSMAN OF THE CENTURY

Sir Winston Churchill's favorite sport was horse racing. One day he went to watch one of his horses run at a London track. After a long struggle in the stretch, it finished third, beaten by less than a length. The crowd was disappointed,



but Sir Winston, his cheeks pink with excitement, turned to a companion and said, "We ran a grand race, didn't we?"

Yes, we did. To the very end.

## THE UNQUIET MAN

The most exciting moments in football, it would seem, are not made so by touchdowns. Punts, punt returns, passes and long runs surpass them by far, according to experiments conducted at the Univer-



vity of Nebraska on the subject of "ex-  
citement tachycardia."

The doctors asked 10 men ranging in  
age from 25 to 63 to share their emotions  
with electronic monitors as they watched  
a Nebraska football game. Their rates of  
pulse, respiration and sweat, as well as  
electrocardiograph reaction, were taken  
down and examined play by play. In one  
five-minute period the pulse of a former  
coach, who was serving as a spectator  
subject, jumped by 46, then plunged 35,  
went down another 15, then went up 23  
on this sequence of plays: 1) an intercepted  
pass; 2) a point after touchdown; 3)  
a kickoff return; 4) a home-team punt  
return.

All of which got the doctors so excited  
that they warned that emotional involve-  
ment in a sporting event may be danger-  
ous to persons who have "a prior heart  
condition."

#### QUICK, ISAAC WALTON, THE NEEDLE

Sporting goods stores in Wisconsin are  
now selling hypodermic needles to lake  
trout fishermen and the needles are sav-  
ing the lives of young trout brought up  
from the depths of Green Lake.

The lake is as deep as 220 feet, and  
lakers like to be near the bottom. When  
a fish is brought up from such depths,  
the air in its bladder expands. This does  
not matter if the trout is of legal length  
(17 inches), but if it is smaller and must  
be returned to the water it dies because  
the inflated air bladder will not let it  
swim down to its accustomed haunts.  
Solution: slip a hypodermic needle  
(without the syringe) through the fish's  
belly into the bladder. The air hisses out.  
The trout can then head for home. Some  
young trout have been needled three and  
four times.

#### QUROCHER IN PANTOMIME

It had been a long time since Leo Du-  
rocher had encountered Umpire Babe  
Pinelli. They met at the Willie Mays tes-  
timonial dinner in San Francisco and  
The Lip was moved to recall the first  
time he had ever been nonplussed on a  
ball field.

"It was a terrible call at first base on  
the Brooklyn ball park one day," he  
said. "Our guy was safe by two yards.  
The crowd started to holler, 'Leo, Leo  
... ' So I trot out to Pinelli and I  
scream, 'What the blank is the matter  
with you?' He was safe by 12 yards."  
And the Babe whispers back to me,  
"Yeah, Leo, wasn't that an awful de-  
cision?" Well, I'm speechless. What can

*continued*



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## SCORECARD *continued*

I do or say? So I make a few gestures at him and ask him out for dinner that night, and he points his finger under my nose and accepts, and I trot back to the bench and the Brooklyn crowd hollers, 'Attaboy, Leo, you told that mole where to find a hole.'"

### **PRESCRIPTION: POOL**

Hours in a swimming pool were prescribed for Senator Ted Kennedy's injured back and now hours in a pool hall have been prescribed for the shipped disk of Dean Francisco, San Francisco pharmacist. He slipped a disk while dancing, and his orthopedist directed him to shoot pool once a day on the theory that bending across the table will help to realign the spine and the long muscles.

### **IRON HORSE NIGHTY HUNTER**

Deep snow and two months of severe cold have made this winter a disaster for much of Montana's wildlife. Complimenting the situation is the fact that deer and antelope have been attracted to the Great Northern Railway's right-of-way because the tracks are kept clear of snow and a certain amount of food is dropped from trains. Trains have killed 250 head of pronghorn antelope in northern Montana. One passenger train plowed through a herd of antelope and killed 74, a bounty for Indians on the Fort Belknap Reservation to whom the meat was given. The antelope kill, said oldtimers, was greater than the Indians ever accomplished by driving the antelope over cliffs in pioneer days.

### **THE WELL-HELMETED JOCKEY**

Most Thoroughbred tracks these days pay a premium of \$108 a day to Lloyds of London, which, though 118 tracks participate, does not make a fortune on the deal. Insuring jockeys against injury is as risky as betting on them: In 1962, for example, with only 1,300 members in the Jockeys' Guild, Lloyds had to settle 1,305 claims that ranged from a broken finger to death.

Eight years ago, after a boy named Leroy Nelson was killed in a spill at Caliente, John Alessio, proprietor of the track, was moved to confer with Bert Thompson, national managing director and secretary of the Jockeys' Guild. Together they worked out a scheme for promotion of the helmet.

At first jockeys hated the helmet, as

*continued*

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get here next weekend.  
We're planning  
a party for Dad."*

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baseball players once did. But if Eddie Arcaro, who agreed to wear his only as a personal favor to Thompson, had not had one on when he fell off Black Hills in the 1959 Belmont and landed on his head, he might not be around today to root for its continuance as compulsory equipment.

Since 1958, when the helmet became compulsory in most states, racing deaths have dropped from an average of 4 or 5 a year to 1½. Even so, the Guild is taking care of 10 paraplegics, all of whom receive a monthly check for life and training in a livelihood that will help support them. Two have become certified public accountants under the plan.

A pension plan for jockeys seems to be impossible, since they are independent contractors, but Thompson persuaded horsemen to boost the fee for a losing mount from \$20 to \$25. Out of this \$5 increase the Guild takes \$1 for dues and puts the other \$4 into a savings account for each individual jockey. Two years ago, when Ronnie Ferraro won the national title as an apprentice, he had 1,755 mounts. That meant he had saved more than \$7,000.

"The idea behind this," said Thompson, "is to keep the jockeys free of obligations. Years ago bookmakers and trainers would lend riders money, and after they'd be well into debt to them they'd want the jockeys to do something funny in a race. Today almost all of our boys are free of any obligations."

And Loyds is much happier.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Bob Devaney, Nebraska coach, on the effect of TV commercials on football: "During the Rose Bowl game I thought the White Knight scored the last three touchdowns."

• Tom Gorman, National League umpire, recalling the education of a rookie catcher: "The pitches he wanted as strikes when he was catching we called on him when he was batting."

• Ira (Large) Harge, 6-foot-8 New Mexico basketball star now playing in Spain: "Here in Madrid the players are much shorter and consequently the biggest part of the bruises are to my calves and legs."

• George Kirksey, Houston Astros executive, on fans who do not like the club's name. "If we ever get into the first division, they won't care if we call our team The Antenters."

END



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*Racked back on his heels by near-hurricane winds, Doug Sanders plays his way into and out of a perilous position - below - on the stormy 18th*





at Pebble Beach. He eventually managed to salvage a par on the hole.



**Sports**  
**Illustrated**  
FEBRUARY 3, 1965

# DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE

*A tempest turns the year's first big golf event into a cliffhanger—and nobody escapes being hanged except a curly-haired Aussie* **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

**T**he Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur Championship has one of the highest ratings of all televised golf shows, so it is completely fitting that the host and nature should conspire to make the most of the game's dramatic possibilities. Last week, in the climatic wilds of Monterey Peninsula, the pair outdid themselves. The 24th renewal of the Crosby was played in weather that would have made the witches of Macbeth flee their caldrons and fly for cover, and when it was over young Bruce Crampton, as handsome a leading man as any drama could hope to cast, was the winner. Understandably pleased with his role, Crampton stood on the 18th green Sunday afternoon smiling broadly, but the rest of the world's best pros were hardly as calm. They would long remember the 1965 Crosby as the kind of place from which a fellow—such as Doug Sanders (left)—was lucky to escape alive.

The weather is a topic of conversation that inundates the Crosby, year in, year out and year around, as if the tournament were a meteorological convention instead of a sports event. There is no real reason the weather should be frightful—Monterey Peninsula is not always insufferable in January—but somehow the Crosby climate reacts to the atten-

*continued*

tion it receives, behaving like an old trouper who refuses to abandon stage center. This year it greeted the players on the first morning of the tournament with some glorious midwinter sunshine, forcing the golfers and gallery to shuck their mackintoshes, tweeds and Shetland pull-overs and laugh at the official forecasters, who had predicted storms. By mid-afternoon the tweeds and Shetlands and mackintoshes were back on, for the duration, and the laughs were over. Only Arnold Palmer had the nerve to joke about the weather after that, and he should not have. On Friday morning, having just birdied the first hole, he looked at the angry clouds seething a few feet overhead and started singing "Oh, what a beautiful mornin'" on his way to the 2nd tee. He was so engrossed in song that he tripped over a low strand of wire and fell on his face. He did not

have another birdie all day. But the next afternoon, with the wind howling and TV towers collapsing and his score a shambles, Arnold got some measure of revenge. On the 545-yard 18th hole at Pebble Beach he hit what looked like a laugh of a golf shot, a three-wood that he aimed out over the ocean in the general direction of Tokyo. As he watched patiently, the ball went 50 yards out to sea, and the wind then blew it back to the front of the green. This unforgettable effort brought him one of the three birdies scored on the hole all day.

Whenever the talk at this Crosby switched from the weather to golf, it was likely to move to that other most interesting subject, one that never seems to bore the followers of tournament pros, the Palmer-Nicklaus rivalry. By now the pros are taking the regency of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus pretty

much for granted. One even hears such irreverent remarks as that of the pro who said: "I'm sick of them." But Palmer at the age of 35 and Nicklaus at 25 show no more signs of stepping aside than does Charles de Gaulle. Now, with Nicklaus playing his first tournament of 1965, the rivalry was being assessed again.

It is always a surprise to rediscover how very young Jack Nicklaus is in view of his superb record during his first three years as a pro. This was emphasized on the opening day of the Crosby, because it was Jack's 25th birthday. Everyone on the golf course seemed to know it. When Nicklaus reached the tee of the 16th hole on Cypress Point, where he played his first round, the gallery encamped on the hillside above broke out in a dissonant rendition of *Happy Birthday*.

Having reached the quarter-century mark, Nicklaus was in a mood at the Crosby to reflect momentarily on himself and his future. "My ambition," he said quite frankly, "is to be the greatest golfer who ever lived, just as it is Arnold's ambition and everyone else's who plays the game seriously. But we have different ways of going at it. Arnold wants to win the Grand Slam, or what they now call the Grand Slam [the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA], because he would like to do something that no one has ever done before. I don't yet know what I would have to do to become the greatest. But I think Sam Snead was wrong when he said publicly the other day that I have reached my peak, though I believe I have an idea what he means.

"When I think of being the greatest golfer, I remind myself that I am only 25, whereas Arnold didn't reach his peak until he was 29 and Hogan until he was 36. Right now I think you would have to say that Hogan was the best ever. That is the goal, but I don't know how you get there. Maybe I could win the Grand Slam, but what would I do after that if I was still young?" Jack laughed. "Win two Grand Slams?"

With 10 years of seniority on Nicklaus, Palmer's future is well past the analyzing stage. This year, for instance, he expects to play in only about 15 tournaments—all the major championships, including the British Open—and devote considerably more time to his Arnold Palmer Company. "But that's just for this year," Arnold will remind you. "Maybe next year I'll go back to playing

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL HARTFORD AND GEORGE LONG



Bombarded Ken Venturi tries to help circulation in ailing fingers by holding a hand warmer.



a lot more tournaments." Every wrinkle in his forehead seems to expose the main thought that lurks there: Grand Slam.

Only two golfers at the Crosby appeared really capable of challenging Palmer and Nicklaus through the year ahead. One is Bill Casper Jr., a self-contained and soft-spoken 33-year-old who has been in the forefront of tournament golf just as long as Palmer and is second only to Arnold in the list of all-time money winners. Casper is on the finest streak of his auspicious career, having finished ninth or better in his last 16 tournaments, a remarkable show of consistency dating back to June of last year.

The other heir-hopeful at the top of most lists is Tony Lema. He is a wise and thoughtful golfer who understands what he is doing whenever he hits a shot, a talent that is rarer than one might think among the 30 or 40 professional golfers who are good enough to win a PGA event. As Dave Marr puts it, "When Casper or Lema go out to play a round they don't worry about how they are going to hit the ball. They know they are hitting it well, and the way they score depends pretty much on the kind of breaks they get. That's a hell of an advantage."

There was no particular reason to think on Thursday that you would have to look past this quartet to find the winner of the Crosby—but you could be sure some strange things would happen before any of them, or anybody else, would be listening to Bing's gags and accepting the top money of \$7,500 late Sunday afternoon.

Because it is set up as a pro-am, the Crosby field is bulky and has to play on three different courses the first three days. This means an element of fortune enters into the tournament and an element of deception. The three courses, in ascending order of difficulty, are Monterey Peninsula Country Club, Cypress Point and Pebble Beach. A leader on the first day is not really a leader at all if he happens to have played the easiest course. In addition, it is helpful to play the hardest course when the weather is relatively amiable, and vice versa. Casper and Lema were actually off to a good start on Thursday when they shot 70 and 71 respectively at Cypress Point, as were Nicklaus (72) and Palmer (71), even though

they all were well behind the leaders.

Thursday offered a major shock in the Crosby tradition, this one the performance of Ken Venturi. Playing Cypress Point, a course he has known for years and has handled as if it were part of his own backyard, Venturi came in with a hapless 81. His first shot of the day was a drive out of bounds that sliced so monumentally it cleared the wide expanse of the adjoining practice area. He wound up with a 7 on that par-4 hole and immediately followed it with a double-bogey 7 on the 2nd. But it was not a totally lost day for Ken. His amateur partner was a San Francisco disc jockey named Jim Lange. While Venturi was chasing his ball from tree to trap, Lange, who likes to describe himself to his rock-'n'-roll followers as Captain Showbiz, was firing enough birdies to make his 11-

stroke handicap look as distinctive as his spivish black-and-white-checked peg-leg slacks. On 11 of the 18 holes, Lange was able to help the team total by anywhere from one to four strokes, giving them a best-ball total of 61, a handy 20 strokes better than Venturi's individual score and good enough to lead that section of the tournament. Lange's extraordinary round made it possible for Ken to win the daily prize of \$1,000 that was awarded to the professional half of the team with the low best-ball score.

There was a disturbing reason for Venturi's catastrophic performance. As long as two months ago there were reports that he was suffering from a circulatory ailment in his hands, but he stoutly denied it. Actually, he thought at the time that the peeling skin on his fingers was due to some allergy, and he



Harrassed Palmer attempts to duck flying sand that the wind has whipped out of bunkers

tried taking shots for the malady. He did not improve, however, so he visited Dr. Robert Woods, the same man who had treated the dead fingers of Dodger Picher. Sandy Knufas, two years ago, Woods diagnosed the trouble as something called Raynaud's phenomenon, which disrupts normal arterial circulation. He prescribed two drugs to expand the arteries and another to thin the blood. The trouble cleared up quickly in Venturi's left hand, but the third and fourth fingers of his right hand are still numb and practically useless.

Venturi had been advised by his doctor to quit golf until his hands were cured, but Ken is enormously conscientious about his commitments, especially since he has only recently recovered from his long slump. So he played at Los Angeles, where he tied for 60th and didn't make a cut, and he came to the Crosby. "But when this tournament is over, I'm going to put the clubs away," he said. "I'm going to do what the doctor tells me. There is no point in playing this way. I have no feel for the club." Venturi unwound his fingers from the hand warmer he had been carrying in his hip pocket and said, "Here, feel this finger." It was cold. When he hits a shot, the fingers turn as white as chalk, and after he plays a few holes in the chilly northern California air they become blue. Venturi's troubles turned Thursday bleak.

Friday was an ebullient day—at least for Tony Lema. Playing Monterey, he birdied six of the first nine holes, finished with a 65 and earned a pleasant three-stroke lead. But he knows the Crosby. "I don't think anybody leads this tournament until everyone has played each of the three courses," he said. "Don't forget, I haven't played Pebble Beach yet. I am just momentarily standing water as the leader." How true.

If ever a day displayed what makes the Crosby memorable, it was Saturday. Gale, storm, disaster, warned the weatherman, so, naturally, morning arrived benign as a favorite uncle. Over on the easy Monterey course a tour took us from Wichita Falls, Texas named Rocky Thompson teed off early with the hope, he later explained, of maybe shooting a 65 and gaining some ground on the 32 players ahead of him in the standings. Instead he came in with a so-so 68 and repaired to the clubhouse for lunch.



Runner-up Lema takes the gale while his caddy takes advantage of the only shelter available.

About this time, when a lot of the big names were only on the first nine of Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, the real weather arrived, worse late than never. The wind mounted to 30 knots, 40 knots, 50 knots. Seagulls and ducks descended into fairways because they could not fly, and neither could golf balls. Soon the situation degenerated to a Dunkirk of pro golf: get off the beach with what you can save.

A good measure of the wind was the clubs that the pros had to use. The 7th hole at Pebble Beach is a little 110-yard wedge shot. On Saturday afternoon Al

Mestgen made a hole in one there by hitting a full three-iron. Playing against the wind at Cypress Point, Paul Harney, one of the very long hitters, failed to reach the green at the 367-yard 17th hole with two full driver shots. On the same hole Mason Rudolph had to use a driver, a three-wood and a firm eight-iron, and he hit them all well. At the 222-yard 16th at Cypress, George Bayer used a one-iron to get across the water the safe way—normally a five-iron shot. At the 218-yard 17th at Pebble Beach, powerful Mike Souchak could not even reach the bunker in front of the

green with a driver, a distance of no more than 190 yards.

"It was absolutely the worst conditions I've played under since St Andrews last year and that was an easier course," said an unebullient Tony Lema after finishing with a 79. Only the strongest and smartest of golfers had any hope of breaking 80 once the wind was up, and not many did. Thanks to his birdie at the 18th, Palmer made 77 and survived the cut by a bare two strokes. (Since he shot an 80 the next day, he might have spared himself the trouble.) Casper, playing in the wind, had a 76. Nicklaus' great strength helped him salvage a 77. Souchak finished in the dark with a 76—all brilliant rounds considering the conditions.

When this savage day was done the drenched spectators stared in disbelief at the scoreboard. The second-day leaders had been decimated. Charlie Sifford—83; Bill Collins—78; Dave Ragan—81; Bob Goulby—79; Don January—88; Doug Sanders—82; Bill Ogden—79. PGA champion Bobby Nichols turned in a 90. Of those who now stood among the first six, only Lema and Bruce Crampton, an Australian who has become a regular on the U.S. tour, had played at Pebble Beach, and Crampton had been fortunate enough to tee off early. His 73 put him in a tie for fourth place at even-par 215.

But who was the Crosby leader by nightfall Saturday? Why, it was a stunned Rocky Thompson, whose 212 was two strokes ahead of anybody else. Tournament officials had quite a time finding Rocky for the traditional press conference. They finally located him gawking at the scoreboard. "I didn't even make the golf team at the University of Houston," he told reporters.

The next morning was Sunday, when the low 70 pros and the low 60 pro-am teams played Pebble Beach. The weather had exhausted itself, so everyone was in friendly sunshine, and the course had exhausted itself, too. It was so torn up from Saturday that the pleased pros were permitted to improve their lies.

Rocky Thompson's glory lasted only until he came up with three straight bogeys. Meanwhile, ahead of him, Bruce Crampton was making birdies galore—four on the first six holes to take the lead. Thereafter no one came within two strokes of catching Crampton, and he breezed home with a three-



Winner Crampton, enjoying the calm of Saturday morning, hits a short iron on Pebble's 7th hole.

under-par 284. Immediately behind him were those familiar names: Lema—287; Nicklaus—288; Casper—288.

Ironically, it was Nicklaus who was partly responsible for Crampton's victory. On the day before the tournament began, Jack spent three quarters of an hour on the practice tee helping Crampton get rid of a hook that had been bothering him. "By Friday my swing started to feel a lot better. I began to get a little wind in my sails," Bruce said. "It was very gracious for a man of his caliber to spend so much time helping out a nobody like me," he added,

showing perhaps an excess of humility.

The fact is that Crampton played three exceptional rounds of golf following a rather unimpaired 75 at Cypress Point on Thursday. He had 67 on Friday, the 73 in the gale at Pebble on Saturday and his splendid closing round of 69 on Sunday, the best score of the day by anyone. "When I sank a 50-foot putt from just off the edge on the 16th green," he said later, "I began to feel it was one of those times when you are just destined to win." In a game as capricious as golf, a man soon learns to believe in destiny.

END

# THE BATTLE FOR A MOUNTAIN

*Sportsmen are fighting sportsmen in the conflict over beautiful, rugged Mt. San Geronimo, a lofty wilderness near Los Angeles which conservationists want to keep wild and skiers long to penetrate* **by COLES PHINIZY**

In southern California, east of Los Angeles, where yellow tongues of smog lick the dusty feet of brown mountains, there is a rocky giant called Mt. San Geronimo. It is 11,502 feet tall—a half a head higher than the other peaks flanking it in the San Bernardino range. By early spring, when most of the range and the crests of the adjacent San Gabriel range have lost their kiss of snow, big San Geronimo often still shines white—the one true jewel of the lot. It is also the least spoiled today, because 34,718 acres of it above the 7,000-foot contour have been set aside by Congress as a wilderness area where there can be no road or building, or any use of land vehicles or planes.

San Geronimo is a product of dramatic geologic faulting; in its upper fringes there are vast cirques that were gored out long ago by glaciers. Although it is today, by law, supposedly a place of emptiness and little noise, for the past quarter century it has been a critical battleground. On and off since the late 1930s skiers have been trying to open up the San Geronimo wilderness so that towns and lifts for downhill skiing might be built on its hoary upper slopes. As anyone might guess, all manner of conservationists and outdoorsmen have rallied to defend the wilderness against the ambitions of the skiers. It has been a peculiar battle. Both sides feel strongly on the matter, but even in the most crucial moments, there has been little uncorrupted anger. Indeed, the only thing that has been expended at all recklessly in the long fight has been talk.

The battle is, in fact, only worth considering at this time because, sooner or later, similar fights will break out in other areas. In the U.S. there have been many quarrels over land before, the miners, railroaders, loggers, cattlemen, sheepmen, farmers, industrialists, sportsmen all scrambling for a proper share.

Now for the first time, on the high ground of San Geronimo, we have sportsmen against sportsmen in a major fight.

The one real reason such a battle is taking place and that others will follow is that the U.S. population is becoming a burden. We are fast running out of room for working, decent living and playing. By present, crowded standards, almost all outdoor sports require an exorbitant amount of space—a large factory and housing enough for all its workers can be built in the same space needed by 18 men to play a game of baseball. In the U.S., east and west, there are wilderness tracts far larger and more precious than San Geronimo, and there are other snowy mountains better for downhill skiing. San Geronimo has become the first battleground of sportsmen simply because it is located near greater Los Angeles. In municipal Los Angeles and in the tangle of contiguous cities that lie with it under a blanket of smog, there are now more than 10 million people. The air they breathe on inversion days is only slightly better than the old foul breath of Pittsburgh. The particular virtue of the megalopolis is the complex of freeways by which ordinary men escape in their off time, some of them heading for the water, some for the deserts, some for the mountains, some for the ball parks and horse tracks, and many simply leaving home to find a louder jukebox playing a different tune.

In southern California getting away from home on Saturdays and Sundays has become a calculated act, a rite that must be observed, like attending the funeral of a distant cousin. Knowing that the beaches and the freeways leading to them are impossibly crowded on weekends, many people go to the mountains to the lesser of two crowds, as it were. In winter many "go to the snow," as they say, even when there is no snow. They often go to bare ski slopes simply



to ride the chair lifts, to hike about, to breathe clean air and to gaze across at Palos Verdes and Catalina Island floating on the distant horizon.

Any New Englander reared in a cold, nubby land where belly-flopping, ice-ball fights, tobogganing and bundling were taken for granted would be amazed to see the use southern Californians get out of a ski slope. If the slopes have any

meager snow cover at all, the desperate Californians engage in what they call "snow play." For the benefit of old Down Easters who are not hep to modern recreational terms, by "snow play" a southern Californian means all the usual trivial, thrilling and dangerous pleasures of winter. For example, three weekends ago on the Mt. Baldy ski slopes, the highest in southern California, there

were about four inches of intermittent glaze and slush on the upper reaches. Although all slopes were closed to skiers, the main chair lift still carried 1,500 snow players and sightseers to the 7,800-foot level. In this heavy traffic of non-skiers there were all ages—many family groups and collegians, and several packs of boy scouts and a busload of kids from the church of the Full Gospel Assembly

*continued*



*The dependable snow of Mt. San Geronimo's high north-facing slopes is an irresistible lure to southern California skiers, who are struggling to get in.*

of God. While most of the visitors were slowly lifted up the mountain on Saturday, at the base of the lift Greg Zemenek, 9, Steve Madison, 9, Ricky Traynor, 9, Dale Traynor, 8, and Darrell Traynor, 7—all of El Monte, Calif.—were battling with brown snowballs. It was not altogether clear who was siding with whom, but all five participants were carefully mixing one part mud to one part snow in

their ammunition so that the sparse patches of slush would last for the duration of their small war.

While these small boys battled, in the main parking lot Darlene Bryan, age 10, of Santa Monica was weeping because her uncle would not let her put a three-foot snowman in the back seat of the car. Some fanwives came to the slopes carrying garbage can tops, inner tubes,

crate tops and air mattresses, and when denied access to the lift with such dangerous vehicles, they climbed part way up on foot and slid down tree-studded, rock-rubbed slopes that would have scared any sensible belly-flopper out of his wits. Morgan Adams Jr., one of the proprietors of Mt. Baldy—and one of the leading proponents of opening up San Gorgonio—noted that the snow players on this particular weekend were, all in all, a sane lot. Not one of them had teen down any of the warning signs (DANGER—Rolling Rocks—ICE—KEEP OFF) and used it as a toboggan as fun lovers have in the past. By the end of that particular weekend in the Mt. Baldy area there was only one hospital case and only four rescues, the most dramatic being the recovery of Dana Green, age 15, of Los Angeles, who somehow lost his footing and was found stuck in a bush 150 feet up an icy wall on Thunder Mountain.

On the January weekend when people were having such snowy fun around Mt. Baldy, only six of the 13 ski areas within 100 miles of Los Angeles were open for skiing, and all of these six were using artificial snow to supplement the meager natural fall. Only three of the areas had slopes of natural snow challenging enough for intermediate or expert skiers. On Sunday, by midafternoon, the biggest of these areas, Snow Summit, had 450 skiers lined up waiting 40 minutes for a turn on the lift. By the following weekend, the only natural runs open were those on Snow Summit. During the same period, above the 8,400-foot contour on San Gorgonio there was a foot of snow, and the conditions on the flats and north slopes were good for recreational skiing.

Quite obviously, for skiing or for any kind of "snow play," Los Angeles needs more rooms and more reliable snow, and that is why the pressure is on the peace acreage atop San Gorgonio. After a number of smoldering years, the battle for San Gorgonio broke out again about three years ago when a group of southern California ski-lift operators petitioned the Forest Service to open up 3,500 acres between 8,000 and 11,000 feet (see map). Although the operators and skiers will argue the point forever, the 10% of the area that they want for trails, lifts, parking lots, restaurants and so forth is an important ecological part, used by cougar, bobcat, deer, bear and bighorn sheep. It is also, from the human



Ski slopes near Los Angeles, like Ski-the-Run (above), count heavily on "custom-made" snow.



The section of San Geronimo that skiers covet is about 100 road miles from the center of Los Angeles. At present, when the local ski areas around Mt. Baldy and Big Bear Lake lack snow, southern Californians must drive 320 miles to Mammoth Mountain in the High Sierra.

point of view, the esthetic heart of the area.

While both houses of Congress were weighing a number of different wilderness measures during the past two years, both sides in the San Geronimo fight took their causes before congressional committees, and ever since there has been a great outpouring of emotion, needless words and confusing figures. No one can surely say how many skiers there are in southern California, but one statistician opposing them claimed that there were 61,010 in 1963. The skiers vainously estimate their own strength at somewhere between 100,000 and 300,000. In any case, this means that there are still somewhere around 10 million people in the area who do not ski. According to the Forest Service, last year there were 53,900 visitors who rode horses or hiked into the wilderness (this total includes one lady pushing a perambulator and another carrying a straight-backed chair). This means that, despite the publicity the battle for the mountain has received in the local press, there were around 10 million people in the area who did not bother to visit the wild battleground.

In rash moments the defenders of San Geronimo claim that the drive to open the wilderness to skiing is motivated by the commercial greed of ski-lift operators. In rash moments the skiers claim the defenders of the wilderness are selfishly keeping a precious area for a precious few. Both sides make much of the fact that the teeming populace trapped between the ocean and the mountains needs room for play. Some skiers claim they are ardent conservationists, some of

the wilderness defenders claim they are ardent downhill skiers. In their nobler moments, the skiers lean heavily on the late President Kennedy's old pitch of vim and vigor. In their nobler moments the wilderness defenders fetch up the wisdom of old Henry Thoreau, pleading that city people need the tonic of wilderness to clear their addled heads and fortify their souls. (If granted new voice, old Henry probably would give both sides in the argument a verbal bashing because they have fouled their own nests and are now quarreling over a mountain 30 miles from the heart of town.)

When a workable wilderness bill was reported out of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs last summer, it provided, in effect, that all wilderness areas in the country—a total of 8,234,000 acres—should remain as such except the 34,718 acres on San Geronimo. The bill specifically stated that the Secretary of Agriculture should identify 3,500 acres of San Geronimo that he considered suitable for installing skiing facilities and should then review the remaining acreage to see if it was worth holding as wilderness.

Although the skiers were at that moment close to victory, on the House floor all special consideration of San Geronimo was stricken from the bill, and the area remained as wilderness. Twenty-eight California Congressmen voted to keep the wilderness; seven voted to open up part of it to skiing. Much of the eloquent defense of San Geronimo came from Congressmen of midwestern and eastern states where there is no land tied up in wilderness and relatively little held in any

kind of trust for all the people. On the floor of Congress, as in the Committee hearings, there were many words wasted. The words most worth remembering were spoken late in the argument by Representative John Kyl of Iowa. "One of the difficulties in writing legislation such as this," Representative Kyl said, "is the deep emotion that is felt, the deep emotion which destroys logic. I am interested in this single proposition solely because it represents and dramatizes the kind of selection which is going to have to be made every single time we establish any kind of preserve or recreation area from this point on. How do we best use the land which is available? Now, we get a lot of malarkey here which ought to be completely discounted by each member of the House." Congressman Kyl concluded: "The only question which we have before us here is one which must be satisfied on the basis of logical thought: How can we best use this particular area? Do we use it as a wilderness area or as a mass recreation area?"

Through the whole argument the skiers have stressed one strong, logical point of the sort Congressman Kyl seeks. There is no doubt that if the high ground of San Geronimo were opened up to skiing, the area would get far greater use than it does now. The sport of skiing flourishes in the U.S. wherever there are slopes, lifts and reliable snow close to heavily populated areas. On their side the skiers have the old and often valid doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number. But weighed against this are two equally logical considerations. First, the American wilderness is disappearing, and we grieve already at its passing. Second, as soberly put in a committee hearing by a geologist named Barclay Kamb, "It is argued that the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number compels development because the downhill skiing facilities would attract so many more people than presently visit the area in its wilderness state. This claim takes us back to the basic question of values at the heart of wilderness preservation. It is like arguing that we should convert our churches to roller-skating rinks because that would get the attendance up."

The battle for San Geronimo will continue—that is the only thing certain about its future. As long as the mountain is wild, it will have defenders, and as long as it shines with snow in winter, there will be skiers wanting it.

END





# A FAT CAT IS THREE BOATS IN ONE

As wide and stable as a barge,  
as swift as a 12-meter, as luxurious as  
an ocean liner,  
this cruising catamaran is  
all things to all sailors

**T**here will always be traditionalists to argue the contrary, but an increasing number of yachtsmen today are slowly coming around to the view that if one hull is good then two hulls are even better. One such sailorman is Robert C. Graham, a New York art dealer who has spent much of his time in the past sailing other people's boats around the Caribbean Sea. "Most of the boats I chartered," says Graham, "were old, slow, cramped and uncomfortable. Moreover, because of their deep keels, they couldn't go into shallow bays and inlets."

To overcome this drawback to lazy cruising for himself and others in the future, Graham formed the Four Seasons Charter Corporation and sought the help of one of New York's smoothest yacht designing teams: practical, efficient, 44-year-old Frank MacLear and his partner, day-dreaming, tweedy Robert Harris, 42. Together, Harris and MacLear considered Graham's problem and produced *Stranger*, the cruising catamaran shown at left. Newly launched and under charter in the West Indies, *Stranger* is the largest sailing catamaran ever built of aluminum. She is 52 feet long, ketch-rigged, as high off the water as a powerboat, as wide (21 feet) and as stable as a river barge, and as shallow-drafted as a day sailer. To prospective charterers who want Park Avenue amenities even at sea, *Stranger's* interior offers the privacy of a duplex with such luxurious extras as hi-fi, TV, deepfreeze, a bar, showers and divans. For those with more competitive instincts, her broad stern is equipped with the latest in fish-fighting chairs.

*Stranger's* power plant—two outdrive units hooked up to a pair of 100-hp Mercedes-Benz diesels—can push her along at 12 knots. Because her twin centerboards, rudders and twin screws can all be raised, she is able to slide into shallows only four feet deep. When the wind is blowing

and her 1,441 feet of working sail is spread, *Stranger* moves along easily at 15 knots. When her big genoa or still bigger 2,100-foot spinnaker is spread, she is capable of going even faster.

Unlike single-hulled, ballasted keelboats, a catamaran, once capsized, will not right itself. But where a keelboat would plummet to the bottom if filled with water *Stranger* will stay afloat much longer—an important safety factor. *Stranger's* luxury, comfort and efficiency have not come cheap. She has already cost Owner Graham something close to \$150,000. And if that seems like a lot of money for just one boat, it is. But, as Robert Derracktor, the man who built *Stranger*, points out: "Graham is not getting just one boat. He's getting three: two motorboats joined together by a sailboat."

—HUGH WHALE



1. Crew's quarters 2. Bunks 3. Head 4. Shower 5. Galley
6. Captain's quarters 7. Engine room 8. Double stateroom
9. Deckhouse 10. Chart table 11. Bar table 12. Denon
13. Mastman 14. Mastman 15. Cockpit 16. Fishing chair

CONTINUED

## A FAT CAT a continuation of

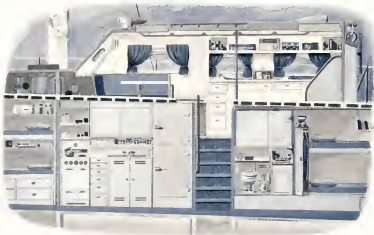


### FISHING

Fighting chairs on a sailboat are as rare as baseball gloves at a football game. But Graham's *Stranger* is fitted with two chairs, both of which can be mounted either on her broad afterdeck or in her cockpit. The spacious cockpit is even equipped with a specially designed coaming so that the angler can brace his feet securely. Within easy reach of both the fighting chairs are fish and live bait wells.

### LIVING

The pleasures of civilized living, in Graham's view, are grimly lacking in most cruising sailboats whose necessarily cramped interiors are notably short of adequate bathroom facilities. His *Stranger*, therefore, is equipped with four heads (toilets) and three separate shower baths. The separation between the vessel's port and starboard hulls is as absolute as that of master's and servants' quarters in a Long Island mansion. The port hull (below) houses two deckhands, the galley (with a freezer, gas stove, oven and subtly arranged lockers) and a cabin for the captain and his wife. *Stranger's* permanent skipper is a young New Zealander named Van der Sloot, whose wife serves as galley boss, housekeeper and chaperone. The charterer's own quarters and those of his guests are in the starboard hull where narrow but bright staterooms with wide bunks and private showers provide the comforts of a pretty fine home.





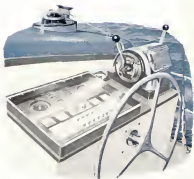
## LOLLING

*Stranger's* 15-x-15-foot deckhouse is as pleasantly relaxing as a living room in a country house. Sunk three steps below deck level and built on the "wing" that connects the cat's two hulls, it is designed to appeal to fisherman, motorboatman, sailor or loungeur. The living room (calling it a "saloon" somehow seems wrong) is carpeted wall to wall and boasts such nautical necessities as a cocktail table with bar underneath, dinette with forward exposure, a TV set and a table that converts to a double bed. A hi-fi and record player make music below—and even on deck—through a waterproof speaker. However, since *Stranger* is also designed to go places, in one corner, seeming a little out of place in these urban surroundings, are a chart table, oilskin locker and *Stranger's* elaborate electronic navigation gear.

## SAILING

A dense forest of winches, cranks, lines and gadgets makes *Stranger* one of the easiest of all boats to handle whether she is moving under sail or under power. Clustered around the cockpit are Barent winches as complex as those aboard a 52-meter or a crack ocean racer to smooth the handling of her running rigging. Because it is difficult for a helmsman to get a clear view diagonally across her high deckhouse, *Stranger* has a steering wheel on each hull for better vision, though only the starboard station has throttle, gear controls and instrument panel. Both steering stations have armchairlike stools and compasses. And only an arm's stretch away from the helmsman are jam cleats that allow him to ease the mainsheet with a quick snatch in case of a sudden squall. Even with her biggest spinnaker set, however, *Stranger* sits on the water as stiffly as a house on land. Those who have sailed on her so far have faced no problem more formidable than how to open the next can of beer or bait the next hook.

END





Karen Clawson and Jim Sizelove sit their horses at a school which attracts athletes from as far away as New England. It's a place where students work as cowhands and tumbleweed rolls through the campus

## A COLLEGE CALLED PANHANDLE

by GERALD HOLLAND

There are no halls of ivy at Panhandle A&M College in Goodwell, Okla. But the tumbleweeds tumble along through the campus and the wind comes whistling down the plain, rustling the leaves of the Chinese elms that stand in rows and soften the stark outlines of the red brick buildings. On still nights the howling of coyotes may be heard across the prairie; on clear nights the lights of a town in Texas may be seen 18 miles away. When the moon rides high across the wide Panhandle sky and the stars come down within arm's reach, the scene that seems rather grim and forbidding by daylight takes on a very special kind of Panhandle enchantment.

There is not much enchantment, by day or night, about the town of Goodwell (pop. 700), which is the post-office address of Panhandle A&M. Goodwell, founded in 1901 as a water stop for the Rock Island Railroad, looks like a ghost town that has given up the ghost. There is one unpaved street, which has the post office, a grocery store and a small hotel.

Happily for Panhandle's 1,200 students (about 400 are coeds), the town of Guymon is only 10 miles away. Most Panhandle students have cars, some have horses as well. At least one student has two cars and a quarter horse. The students are free to go to Guymon anytime they please, as long as the social evenings there do not interfere with their

studies. Guymon has a population of 7,000 and, in its way, is as up-to-date as Amarillo, Texas, 100 miles to the south. There is a movie house on Main Street and a drive-in just outside of town. There are motels that keep their restaurants open all night. There is a howling alley. There are supermarkets, all kinds of shops, drugstores and chili parlors. The Duke Hotel, in the heart of town, has a coffee shop where the big ranchers drop in and a private club (of which all hotel guests automatically become members) where a man can park his own liquor purchased from the state liquor store across the street. Only 3.2 beer is served in public places.

The Oklahoma Panhandle takes a bit of getting used to. But it grows on a

*continued*



just mention my name

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON



## '65 CHEVROLET—Now see why we

Looks high priced from where you're sitting, doesn't it?

And when you come closer, it looks even more so. Luxurious. Roomy.

Only its nameplate tells you it's a Chevrolet.

So all that's high priced about it is—its looks.

And if you want to compare this car with any on a basis other than appearance, try interior room. This one's got it. In fact, the '65 Chevrolet is the roomiest we've ever built.

One reason is its all-new perimeter-type frame design. The frame surrounds the passenger compartment, which is lower and roomier *inside* without a lot of extra width *outside*.

We also moved the engine forward. This, along with the new frame, lowers the driveline tunnel. So that bump on the floor is 25% narrower and a lot lower for extra foot room. And new curved glass in the side windows is one of the reasons why there's over three more inches of shoulder room, front and rear. (To say nothing of what it does

for Chevrolet's smart new look!)

But no more on appearance—the picture takes care of that. *Luxury* is the big word in every '65 Chevrolet—even in low-cost Bel Airs and Biscaynes. The handsome instrument panel keeps things where you can see and reach them. Color-keyed interiors have fine-textured fabrics, plush vinyls, rich, full deep-twist

*Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan in Danube Blue.*



## compare it to expensive cars

carpeting and foam-cushioned seating.

Of course luxurious Impala models like the one above feature their own elegant appointments. And Impala Super Sports boast a dashing center console, sporty front bucket seats, special instrumentation and distinctive identification.

That famous Jet-smooth ride is even better now, too. We've put new

Full Coil suspension, that rugged new frame, a new wider tread and over 700 sound and vibration dampers between you and the road.

Then, you can tailor this exceptional car to your individual taste. Order AM-FM Stereo radio, for example. Or Four-Season Air Conditioning. Or Tri-Volume Horn. Or power steering, brakes, seats, and

windows—and more. The list is as long as the extra miles of pleasure you'll get from it. Your Chevrolet dealer has it.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



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stranger and there is a saying that if a visitor will stay long enough to wear out a pair of shoes, he will never want to leave. If this is true it is because the natives make up for what they lack in trees and other greenery with extraordinary courtesy and friendliness to people passing through. There is a class in courtesy at Gaymon High School, President Marvin McKee of Panhandle A&M (a state school, by the way) devotes his entire message of welcome in the students' handbook to the subject. The Lions Club posts notices in all hotel and motel rooms inviting the guests to their supper meetings. Presumably, any itinerant burglar with a clean shirt would be made welcome by the Lions and perhaps be asked to get up and say a few words. About the only way a man could deprive himself of all-out courtesy and friendliness would be to refer to Panhandle College athletic teams as "the Panhandlers." Panhandle teams like to be called the "Aggies" or the "Plantmen."

Panhandle has a full sports schedule. The football, basketball, baseball and golf teams are members of the Oklahoma Collegiate Conference. There are also an archery team and a rodeo club, which brings in broncos and roping stock from the ranches in the area. All sports have their loyal followers. The football team fills its 6,000-seat stadium for almost every game and the basketball team usually plays to capacity crowds in the 2,000-seat field house.

All this is not surprising in an area where public entertainments are not too numerous. What is surprising is the intensive recruiting activity of Athletic Director and Head Football Coach Oscar Williams, Basketball Coach Jerry Anderson and Otis Sanders, line coach in football who also finds time to coach (but not recruit) the Panhandle golfers. The subject of recruiting was taken up with Coach Anderson at a basketball practice session after he had set his players to work on defensive tactics. When he joined an observer in a front-row seat, Anderson was handed a roster of the 15 players on his squad.

Coach Anderson, a quiet-spoken, mild-mannered young man who can raise his voice to a bellow on occasion, looked at the roster and said, "What about it?"

"How come," he was asked, "that roster has four boys from Connecticut or

it, four from Texas, one from Louisiana, one from Pennsylvania and one from Indiana? Where are the Panhandle boys?"

Coach Anderson studied the roster. "Why, right here," he said, "two boys from Hooker and one from Felt. Both Panhandle towns."

"But how can a school away out here in Oklahoma get boys from Connecticut, Indiana and Pennsylvania?"

"Well," said Coach Anderson, "we recruit pretty hard. Coach Williams and I know quite a few high school coaches around the country and we've got some Panhandle graduates bird-dogging for us. We've got a pretty liberal scholarship policy. We're allowed 40 full scholarships—board, room, books and tuition—by the conference. We're a small school and we can take boys who can't get into some of the overcrowded eastern colleges. I think our name probably has a certain appeal. It's colorful and the country is colorful, too. Eastern boys take to it. They like dressing in western gear and learning to ride quarter horses. I'll give you an idea of how our recruiting works sometimes. You see No. 10 out there?"

"The little fellow? He's not on that team of 6-footers-plus, is he?"

"One of our best men," said Coach Anderson. "Leading scorer so far this season. His name is Lenny Lee. He went to high school in Bridgeport, Conn. Now, here's how I found out about him. I got a telephone call one night from a former Panhandle football player named Roger Petrino. He lives in Bridgeport."

"Roger started out by saying, 'Coach, I've got a great boy for you. I've talked Panhandle up to him and I've got him all pepped up. He's ready to go if you can give him the full treatment on a scholarship.'"

"I asked Roger, 'How tall is the boy?' Roger said, 'Why, he's fast as lightning. Coach. Great ball handler, a real playmaker.' I repeated my question."

"Roger came back with, 'Coach, we seem to have a had connection on this end. Can you hear me out there?' I said, 'I can hear you perfectly. How tall is the boy?'"

"Well, Bird Dog Petrino ignored the question again. He went on to say that this boy, Lenny Lee, had attended Bob Cousy's summer camp and had been named most valuable player. Roger asked me if I would like a personal letter from Bob Cousy."

"I said, 'Yes, but first tell me how tall the boy is.'"

Coach Anderson interrupted his story to yell out a criterion across the court. Then he resumed:

"Roger said Lenny Lee would need all the help he could get—books, room, board, tuition and a campus job. I told Roger that could be arranged if the boy measured up. Then I yelled as loud as I could into the phone. 'But tell me this, Roger. How tall is Lenny Lee? Never mind Bob Cousy now. I know how tall he is. How tall is Lenny Lee?'"

Coach Anderson laughed at the memory of the incident.

"Roger Petrino finally gave me an answer. He said, 'Why, I would put him in the 6-footer class, Coach.' Then he hung up."

Coach Anderson got up from his seat and prepared to step over the rail onto the court.

"Well, there he is out there," he said.

"Lenny Lee. No. 10."

"How tall is Lenny Lee?"

"Five feet eight," said Coach Anderson, "smallest regular in the conference. See that Cousy dribble of his? The crowds love him. And he's a fine boy."

A little later, across the hall from the basketball court, Head Football Coach Oscar Williams sat at his desk and listened to a slender, attractive widow, who looked about 38 or so, as she described the football talents of her son, a young man with the thick neck of a lineman, who sat in a chair placed a few feet behind her own.

It was clear that Mother was going to conduct all the negotiations in behalf of her son.

"Coach Williams," she began, "I want to say first of all that I am most favorably impressed with Panhandle College."

"Thank you," said Coach Williams, "we feel—"

"I kid you not, Coach. I've never met more courteous or more friendly people at any school I've visited."

"We pride ourselves—"

"I was most impressed," the widow broke in again, "with the high caliber of your faculty members. They are perfect ladies and gentlemen and most refined in every sense of the word."

"I think credit for that should go to President McKee. He is responsible for most of the—"

*continued*



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### PANHANDLE *continued*

"I know," continued the widow. "I am convinced that my son would be very happy here. And let me say that the dinner we sat down to this noon in the cafeteria was positively delicious. Stuffed green peppers, mashed potatoes, carrots, navy beans, salad, dessert, choice of milk, tea or coffee. It was as fine a meal as you could get in Oklahoma City. I kid you not, Coach."

"Our students eat well. We've never had any complaints on that score."

"Now then," said the widow, turning to her son. "The boy here likes everything about Panhandle."

"We'd like to have him here," said Williams.

The widow leaned back in her chair. "All right, Coach. What would be the arrangements, so to speak?"

"Well," said Coach Williams. "I've gone into the matter of arrangements pretty thoroughly. Now, I understand he wants to go to medical school. We can arrange a course that will give him a B.S. degree and qualify him for any medical school anywhere. On top of that I've arranged with one of our finest doctors in Guymon to act as the boy's adviser. Dr. Bailey Dietrich is his name and he's interested in helping Panhandle boys in every way he can."

The widow made a small gesture of impatience.

"That's the future. What about right now, Coach? Can you take him as a transfer student from junior college and make a deal on a scholarship?"

Coach Williams drummed his fingers on the desk.

The widow pressed on. "This is an unusual boy, Coach. I kid you not. He's got that old desire."

"Oh, there's no doubt about his abilities," said Coach Williams. "Now here's the situation in a nutshell. I've been in touch with Ken Gallagher, the commissioner of our conference. I explained the case, and Ken's advice was that your son go back to junior college and finish out his year. Then report here August 31. He'll come in as a junior, he'll be eligible to play in 1965, and I am authorized to offer him a full scholarship—books, board, room and tuition, plus a campus job to keep him in pocket money."

The young lineman blurted: "Sure sounds fine to me. With the doctor advising me and—"

The widow silenced him with a wave

of her hand. She rose slowly from her chair. "Coach," she said, with feeling, "that's as fair a deal as I could ask for. You won't regret it. I kid you not. This boy will give you everything in the way of desire and motivation. And I'll be down here for every home game. I told my boss—I'm a secretary—I told my boss, no summer vacation for me, I'll take my time off in long football weekends. And I promise you, Coach, that this lad will really put out for you. He—" "I'll hit those books hard, too," the son said.

The widow waved him down. "Coach, you've been just grand. You're a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word and I'm proud to have my son playing under you. He won't disappoint you. If he does, let me know. I'll jump in my car and get down here and let him have the heel of my riding boot where it will do the most good." She looked around. "I kid you not, son."

"So everything is settled," Coach Williams said. "And now I'm sure that you want to look around a little more—"

"One thing grieves me," the widow interrupted. "Linemen never get any publicity. You read the papers and you'd think there was nobody on the field but the running backs, the passers and receivers. What's the situation with the Panhandlers, publicity-wise?"

A look of pain crossed Coach Williams' face. "We don't say Panhandlers, ma'am. We're called the Aggers."

The widow nodded. "Good. I like that. Now about publicity?"

"Well, in the ordinary course of events," said Coach Williams, "we get good space in the *Guymon Daily Herald*, and we phone in our scores to the Oklahoma City and Amarillo papers."

The widow nodded sagely.

"Of course," said Coach Williams, "if lightning strikes, there's no telling. In 1961 we went to the All Sports Bowl in Oklahoma City and scored a big 28-14 upset over the Langston Lions. There was an eight-column headline in the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman* and a story that ran a full column."

"Terrific," breathed the widow.

"Maybe sometime we'll get in the small-college bowl game. That means the works. National publicity, AP, UPI and maybe television. We've put three men on the NAIA All-America over the past four years."

The widow grasped her son's arm.

*continued*

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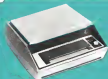
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## "SPORTS OF KINGS SWEEPSTAKES"

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"We may be on to something big here, boy."

"Yes'm," the boy said. "With the doctor advising me—"

"Never mind the doctor," said the widow through clenched teeth. "That will come later. Anything else, Coach?"

Coach Williams pondered a moment. "No," he said. "That's about it, I guess."

The widow smiled, took her son by the arm and walked to the door.

"Oh," exclaimed Coach Williams, "one other thing. On the subject of publicity."

The widow turned. "Yes?"

"Forgot to mention," said Coach Williams, "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is sending a man here to take pictures next week."

The widow's eyes widened. She grasped the door knob for support. She stared at her son, the doctor-to-be. She looked at Coach Williams incredulously.

"You kid."

"Ma'am," smiled Coach Williams. "I kid you not."

The widow gestured helplessly. Then mother and son walked through the door and slowly down the hall.

Meanwhile, in the gymnasium across from Coach Williams' office, there had been a minor catastrophe. Henry Caldwell, 6-foot 6-inch center (just recovered from an illness), had taken a fall in a game scrimmage and sprained his ankle. This meant that the Aggies, who had been in high spirits after their 92-74 defeat of Wayland the week before, would not be at their best for their games with Southeastern State and Oklahoma Baptist, both rated as strong contenders for the conference championship. As it turned out, Panhandle lost both games the following weekend. But little Lenny Lee gave the crowd something to cheer about (and once again vindicated the faith of Bird Dog Roger Petrino back in Bridgeport, Conn.) by putting on a dazzling display of his Bob Cousy dribble and scoring 32 points against Southeastern and 31 against the Baptists.

Coach Jerry Anderson wore a long face after losing the two games, but he was cheerful again by Monday morning and so were the players and so were all the students and faculty members on the Panhandle campus. All the big ranchers were in high good humor at the Dale Hotel coffee shop in the mornings and in the Dale's private bottle club after sundown.


Panhandle students were too busy to

*continued*



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first about anything. Many of the athletes were busy with campus jobs. Others had jobs in Guyton. Quite a few worked as cowhands when the ranchers needed extra help and others rode herd on the cattle that were trucked into the weekly sales at Guyton and Texhoma. Some did a little dealing in horseflesh. One Panhandle boy, Bryce Waugh, took a creature that was somewhere in between a pony and a horse to the Guyton sales and was allowed to parade it around between the bedding on calves and yearlings. When young Waugh appeared in the ring with his offering, there was loud laughter from the assembled ranchers. Somebody asked Joe McGrew of the Hitch Ranch what kind of critter the Waugh boy was trying to sell. Joe McGrew (who knows every kind of horseflesh there is) said that he was turned if he knew what it was.

Bryce Waugh tried to prod his property into some small display of spirit, but the animal just stood there with a weebegone look, staring up at the cattle-men, who couldn't stop laughing.

Finally the auctioneer called for order. "Gentlemen," he said, "don't laugh. This offering is being shown by Bryce Waugh, a student at Panhandle College. Now, gentlemen, this is a pony here, for your information. Young Mr. Waugh

tells me the pony hasn't been feeling well lately, but he's responding to treatment, and Mr. Waugh is willing to get him a haircut. On top of that, Mr. Waugh says that he has papers for this creature. Or rather he did have. But driving out here, the papers flew out the window of the pickup truck. Now, we'll have no bidding on this offering. Mr. Waugh will take \$65 cash and furthermore he will take any buyer out and show him the very spot where the papers flew out of the window. Who'll take Mr. Waugh's offering for \$65?"

As it turned out, nobody did. The gate leading from the ring was opened, and Bryce Waugh prodded his pony toward it. The cattlemen laughed louder than ever. The pony—looking like an overgrown great Dane with longhair—turned at the gate and gave the cattle buyers a long look that was not as reproachful as it was apologetic. It seemed to say quite plainly, "Go ahead and laugh. I'm a mess and I know it." He looked so sad that the ranchers stopped laughing and gave the pony and his owner a big round of applause. It was the friendly, courteous, Panhandle thing to do.

Later, when a snow and ice storm hit the area, an Easterner found himself bedelboud in a room at the Dale. He flipped on a transistor radio and soon

heard one of the Mississippi evangelists who tape-record gospel services and ship the tapes to Mexico for broadcast over the high-powered transmitters there. The broadcasts come booming into the Oklahoma Panhandle and, indeed, all through the Southwest. The evangelist of the moment was shouting the news that the end of the world was at hand. Only one hope remained: a personal tour by the evangelist himself, during which he would confront world leaders and deliver his final warning. This would take money, naturally, and to all donors of \$5 the evangelist promised to send a special gift package containing five ball-point pens guaranteed to write for six months, 12 sheets of stationery and matching envelopes, an automatic needle threader and three books. Two were written by the preacher himself and were titled *How I Was Saved from Dope Addiction* and *A Life of Crime and Daring*. *Satan's Booby Trap*. The third book was a volume of poems by the reverend's associate, Sister Sunshine, who promptly recited a sample of her work to organ accompaniment. Sister's poem began,

*Oh, the way that's come to our house,  
Since we harkened to the Word  
There's peace and understanding,  
And marvels have occurred  
Papa Mama was bathed,  
But she's grown a hair today,  
Dear Brother's changed his habit  
Now he, too, kneels to pray,  
And Daddy is a new man,  
No more does Daddy drink,  
There are no whiskey bottles,  
Auntie's up the creek.*

The Easterner examined the soles of his shoes. There was the beginning of a hole in one of them. The Easterner remembered the saying that if you wear out a pair of shoes in the Panhandle, you'll never leave.

He picked up the phone and called the railroad station. He asked the station agent if he would be good enough to flag down the Rock Island Railroad's Golden State Limited at 3:30 a.m. The agent said, in the most courteous and friendly way, that he would be glad to oblige. But he added that he just couldn't help wondering why anybody would be so anxious to leave the Panhandle that he would catch a train in the middle of the night. There seemed to be no point in telling him about a pair of shoes that were wearing thin.

END



CONFERRING ON LIST of applicants for scholarships with College President Marvin McKee are Basketball Coach Jerry Anderson (left) and Football Coach Oscar Williams.



Drive a Riviera home tonight. Who cares if people think you're younger, richer and more romantic than you really are?

A Riviera has a strange effect on people. Simply looking at one makes your mouth water, your eyes open wider and your heart beat faster. You grin admiringly when you notice the headlights, tucked behind shields that open with the touch of the headlight switch. You breathe harder when you turn loose some of those 325 horsepower. And that's just what happens to the driver. Wait till you see the awe a Riviera inspires in passersby! Amazing. Also attainable, for considerably less than you might suspect. (Before you fall headlong for a Riviera, ask yourself if a firmer suspension and assorted other sporting touches give you a twinge of anticipation. Yes? Ask your dealer about our new Riviera Gran Sport. The name alone is a hint of what's in it for you.) Check with your Buick dealer soon. He may convince you you're younger, richer and more romantic than you thought you were.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

## Use your head—and use a tee

When you can have a perfect lie, why give yourself a mediocre one? This is a question I ask on the frequent occasions when I see golfers, both good ones and bad, hitting a tee shot on a par-3 hole without teeing up the ball. These players simply drop the ball on the ground and roll it around with the club head until they get what they think is a satisfactory lie. But there is a chance that the lie is not satisfactory, and it certainly is not the best lie possible. On even the most closely mowed tees, blades of grass will come

between the club face and the ball if the ball is not clear of the ground. The grass reduces the backspin that the club can put on the ball, and also accents the effect of any mistakes in the swing. The most frequent result is a shot that holds its line fairly well but "sails," ending up over the green. A par-3 hole can be hard enough, without making it tougher through carelessness. What you should do is tee the ball up so that it sits above the top of the grass. The club is then free to make clean, crisp contact with the ball.

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When the ball is teed up (above) the club head can get at it cleanly and the club-face grooves can impart maximum back-

spin. But if the ball is simply put on the ground (below) grass can get between the club head and the ball and affect the shot.



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Friendly **Frankie Sinatra** and retinue appeared backstage after a performance to patch up a reported feud with "Golden Boy" **Sammy Davis**. "He was nice enough to invite me to the Little Club for fettucine," Sammy related, "but I had to tell him it was my bowling night."

**Charles de Gaulle** sailed into France's Annual Boat Show held in Paris, appropriately accompanied by **Eric Tabarly**, who last summer sailed across the Atlantic alone. In addition to ships owned by **Prince Rainier** and **Prince Karim Aga Khan**, smaller pleasure craft were on view. Pointing to one that caught his fancy, **Président de Gaulle** asked its price. "\$7,300," was the reply. "Very reasonable," said De Gaulle grandly.

Add to the growing list of skiing casualties: **Irvin Shaw**, author of *Bare the Dead*, who fell and broke his shoulder in Switzerland.

**Roger Maris** (*below*), who is graceful enough in the outfield during warm weather, was a gross flop as an ice skater in the Catskills. He needed support—and not just moral—from his wife, Pat, merely to stand up.



The Minneapolis firm of Dempsey-Tegeler describes its new broker, **Jim Marshall**, as having "a first-rate mind, a winning disposition and a community-wide reputation." On that last point there can be no doubt. Marshall is the Minnesota Viking defensive end who picked up a fumble and ran 66 yards the wrong way, thereby scoring a safety for San Francisco. His other activities have included making 34 parachute jumps without once putting the harness on upside down, shooting himself in the stomach with a revolver he was unloading and peddling wigs. He also is the same Marshall who was to fly to Dallas recently to receive the Bonehead of the Year award. Taking the wrong turn off the expressway to the airport, Marshall screamed up to the terminal late for his flight, raced out to the boarding area and—that's right—wound up on a plane for Chicago instead of Dallas.

Could that be **Mandy Rice-Davies** galloping by on a horse, riding to hounds at the Weston Harriers hunt? It could be and was. Anyone with two quid can join the Somerset, England chase. Snubbed by the local gentry, Mandy claimed not to care. "I never feel lonely," she said with a smile.

Ohio State Football Coach **Woody Hayes** didn't quite have the horses this season—so he joined 'em. Addressing the Ohio meeting of the United States Trotting Association, Woody touched on quite a few foreign topics, of which harness racing was only the most obvious. "I'm keenly interested in politics," Hayes also revealed, "but I don't belong to an organized party. I'm a Republican."

Six-foot-three, 227-pound Los Angeles Ram linebacker **Mike Henry** has been selected from among some 25 tons of football players, lifeguards, wrestlers and bikini models to become the 14th **Tarzan**. Says Producer **Sy Weintraub**: "I see him as sort of a James Bond in the jungle."

**Deight Eisenhower**, who has seen three of them from excellent vantage points, did not attend last week's *Insatiation*. About the time **Lyndon Johnson** was being sworn in, he was in Palm Desert, preparing to play a round of golf.

One would think one could get away from **Liz Taylor** (*below*) at a Rugby match, if nowhere else. But, no, there in the crowd watching the England vs. Wales international was a Liz well advanced on her program of de-Americanization. After a luncheon featuring Welsh beer, she and her Welsh husband, **Richard Burton**, joined a crowd in singing *Cwm Rhodri*, a Welsh song. Even Liz's hat was Welsh and decorated with a leek, the Welsh national emblem. With all this Welsh aid, Wales had no trouble beating England 14-3.

**Buddy Dial**, normally a split end for the Dallas Cowboys, will appear as wild card for the Dallas Symphony. Dial, Lord help us, will sing *Meeting with Conductor Donald Johanson* to discuss repertoire. Dial—one of the foremost vocalists of Magnolia, Texas—held out for *My Buckle's Got a Hole in It*. Johanson tactfully suggested it might be

difficult to get a full orchestral arrangement for that number. He recommended an aria from Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, freely translated as "The Hidden-ball Play," an Italian pass option. After one practice session, Johanson assessed Dial's range as "from B flat below C to high F, which is an octave and a sixth and good enough for a first down."

In absolutely the last bowl game of the year a team of jockeys, led by **Bill Hartack** and **Ray York**, tied an all-star group of seventh- and eighth-graders from the Pop Warner league 6-6 in Garden Grove, Calif. "It was very fair," said York later. "Some of our players never made the eighth grade."

The Camp Fire Club of America presented wilderness hiker and mountain climber **William O. Douglas**, 66, with its annual award at a Manhattan restaurant. Tavern-on-the-Green. The green referred to is Central Park, a New Yorker's idea of the outdoors. Still, giving Douglas an outdoorsman's award in New York, cradle of the sedentary, may not be entirely inappropriate. Down in Washington Mr. Douglas is a kind of heretofore-warmer himself.



## A bird named Lady —or Lyndon

Never has so much international solicitude been lavished upon a single wild bird as that being heaped upon a battered, bedraggled and accident-prone baby whooping crane named Lady Bird. This 6-month-old fledgling, still in its rusty-brown juvenile plumage, has received nothing but VIB treatment since it first staggered out of its nest, and concern for the injured youngster can only continue to increase. It now represents the beginning of a long-range program of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to

rear whooping cranes in captivity with the ultimate aim of augmenting the small remaining wild flock.

The first accident occurred four months ago when, in learning to fly near its birthplace in Canada's north country, the awkward nestling crash-landed on a burned tree stub, suffering injuries that may have deprived it of flight forever. Millions of birds flutter to their deaths unnoticed by man, but this young whooper was in luck. A Canadian Wildlife Service plane on its weekly patrol of the whoopers' nesting grounds in the wilderness south of Great Slave Lake spotted the bird with its dragging wing.

This started a chain reaction reaching from Canada to Washington and on to Colorado, with repercussions extending all the way to Florida. Normally whooping cranes fly almost 2,500 miles on their annual migration to the Texas coast, but this youngster found itself the sole passenger aboard a government plane winging toward the Rocky Mountains.

Upon receipt of the report of a whooper down in the wilderness, Canadian Wildlife Service officials dispatched a helicopter. The rescue was effected as the rest of the family, the parents and other young birds, flew away. At Fort Smith, an outpost on the Slave River, the whooper was transferred to a commercial plane that flew it to Edmonton, Alta. Dr. Ward E. Stevens, Western Regional Superintendent of the Canadian Wildlife Service, met the bird there and hustled it to a veterinary clinic.

A group of veterinarians went to work administering antibiotics and other remedies normally foreign to wild birds. X rays disclosed a two-inch sliver of charred wood lodged in the left side of the breast and a fractured right humerus, evidently suffered as the bird struggled to free itself from the stub. The broken wing was set and the bird trussed up.

Meanwhile, word had reached Ottawa. Ottawa notified Washington. Washington acknowledged and sent word to Denver. Edward G. Wellen, then chief of the section of Migratory Bird Population Studies, and Eugene Knoder, research biologist in charge of the whooping crane rearing project, started north in a Cessna 180. By the time they reached Edmonton the crane was on the way to recovery, although its broken wing was still bound tight to its body, making it resemble a stork that had become wrapped in its own delivery diaper. Despite its

numerous setbacks, the bird met the Americans with that solemn dignity that is characteristic of all whoopers.

Knoder was surprised by the bird's tameness and confiding behavior. "She allowed herself to be approached closely, and fed readily from my hand," he said later. "In general she acted as though human beings were nothing but other cranes. If this behavior is typical of young whoopers, it must mean that they learn fear of humans from their parents during their southward migration and on the wintering grounds."

Packing the friendly bird in a large cardboard box, Wellen and Knoder took off in the Cessna for Colorado. Word of the crane's adventures already had reached the States, and as it approached Cat Bank, Mont., where the plane was to clear U.S. Customs, the first thing the man in the control tower said was, "How's the patient?"

On the ground, when he took the bird out of the carton for a little exercise, Knoder immediately became the day's feature attraction. He started to hustle his crane back into the plane to avoid the gathering crowd, but the whooper calmly began eating and drinking while the spectators used up film at a great rate. One woman held her child up to see, saying, "Take a good look, because it may be the last time you'll ever see a whooping crane." This nettled Knoder a bit, because the main purpose of his project is to keep the cranes flying.

Arriving at the Monte Vista National Wildlife Refuge in south central Colorado, the crane was installed in a heated room at the research center. All went well for two weeks, but suddenly the bird became weak, was barely able to stand and refused to eat or drink. Once more veterinarians and bird experts came to the rescue. The whooper rallied to their treatment and soon was talking morning exercise outside its quarters.

During one of these early morning capers the youngster caught a toe in the bandage and fell heavily, suffering a compound fracture of the already injured wing. Once more the bones were set, and the durable bird, already accustomed to being wrapped like a mummy, faced another six weeks of bandages.

"If we can just suppress her exuberant spirits long enough to get that wing completely healed, we will have one more whooper to place in the ranks of those battling against extinction," Knoder



**INJURED WHOOPER** is carefully examined by Research Biologist Eugene Knoder.



said. Meanwhile, the Knoders' two children, Erik, 9, and Shawn, 11, have become very fond of the young crane and watch it for long periods. They have named it Lady Bird, but that is tentative. After an expert comes from Washington to determine the bird's sex the name may have to be changed to Lyndon Bird. However, the whole family is hoping it's a girl.

Being the only whooper on the refuge, Lady Bird has to be content with living in pens otherwise containing only common-variety sandhill cranes, which Knoder has hatched and reared in pilot experiments that will lead to the raising of whoopers in captivity. If all goes well with the sandhill crane experiments, the Fish and Wildlife Service intends to take eggs from the nests of wild whoopers to start the program.

This part of the plan already has brought protests. The National Audubon Society, long active in protecting the whooping cranes, is flatly opposed to the taking of eggs from the nests, on the ground that nothing should be done that might endanger the meager wild population. Down in Florida, Alexander Sprunt IV, research director of the National Audubon Society, said they were not opposed to raising whoopers in captivity but were against taking eggs from the wild birds in Canada.

As if they were aware of the controversy over their welfare, the wild flock, which numbered 32 when it went north last spring, returned to the Texas coast this fall with 10 young, the greatest number they have brought back since officials started counting them in 1939. Had Lady Bird not run afoul of that burned tree she would have made No. 11. This brings the world whooping crane population to 50-42 wild birds, seven in the New Orleans zoo and Lady Bird. The Fish and Wildlife Service is seeking to utilize eggs from these captives in its program but says more are needed.

Back in Colorado the young whooper, now four and a half feet tall, gaves out to the snow-covered mountains and continues to improve. The other day Knoder removed the bandage, and the wing, though droopy, appears to have knit well. Only time will tell whether Lady Bird will fly again. The success or failure of the artificial restoration program has some years in the future, but things have not looked so good for the whooping crane for almost half a century. **END**



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## A somewhat artificial victory

Like any good fight, this one began with an argument. One side insisted that the best way to bid a bridge hand was naturally—that is, calling a spade a spade. The other side favored a more obscure approach, using artificial bids to convey special meanings. This disagreement, which has been brewing among bridge experts for years, was brought to a boil two weeks ago in New York when 12 of the leading players in the country, six on a side, competed in a three-day 180-board showdown.

The rules were simple. The natural bidders, called Traditionalists for the match, were allowed to use only the simplest of bidding conventions, such as Blackwood, Gerber and Stayman. The artificial bidders, called Scientists, were free to use any or all of the mystery bids they favor, bids with such colorful names as Astro, reverse Astro, Sputnik, Ruptura, Texas transfer, Michaels' cue bids and a whole host of others virtually unknown to the average player.

The Scientists were slight betting favorites (and there was considerable betting among the kibitzers), not because of their complicated systems, but because most people thought they had the stronger players, namely, Arthur Robinson and Robert Jordan, Tobias Stone and Alvin Roth, and Sam Stayman and Vic Mitchell. But during the first day of play, the Traditionalists—B. Jay Becker and Dorothy Hayden, Eric Murray and Sammy Kheila, and Lew Mathe and Meyer Schleifer—built up a huge lead which they increased early on the second day. Those who have long deplored the use of highly complicated bids could hardly conceal their glee. Soon after the halfway point the Traditionalists led by 108 IMPs. Everyone agreed that this was an impregnable lead. But in an amazing reversal of form the Scientists

stormed back. In one hectic 30-deal session the Scientists wiped away all but 33 IMPs. Shaken, the Traditionalists blew the remainder of their lead in the next 15 deals, and at the end the Scientists won going away, 367-314.

The turning of the tide that had run so strongly in favor of the natural bidders was marked by a slam swing on the 102nd deal. This was one of the comparatively few deals on which bidding gave a clear-cut advantage to the scientific approach, though observers felt that the natural bidders should have reached the slam on pure power.

<i>North-South vulnerable</i>		<b>NORTH</b>	
<i>South dealer</i>		♠ 5 4 2	
		♥ G S 2	
		♦ A K 6	
		♣ A K J 5	
		<b>WEST</b>	
		♠ 8 7 6	
		♥ J 10 8 3	
		♦ 10 8 2	
		♣ 9 8 4	
		<b>EAST</b>	
		♠ Q J	
		♥ Q 4	
		♦ J 9 7 5 4 3	
		♣ Q 3 2	
		<b>SOUTH</b>	
		♠ A K 10 9 3	
		♥ A K 9 7	
		♦ Q	
		♣ 10 7 6	
<b>NORTH</b>	<b>WEST</b>	<b>NORTH</b>	<b>EAST</b>
(Jordan)	(Vic Hayden)	(Robinson)	(Becker)
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5 ♠	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	6 N.T.	PASS

*Opening lead: 2 of diamonds*

Jordan and Robinson's bidding was conventional but not artificial. The cue bids they used were available to Mathe and Schleifer, who held the North-South cards at the other table. But the bid that set the cue bids in motion was peculiar to the Jordan-Robinson style. They

do not open four-card majors, and they do not respond at the two level without a good hand. Therefore, having already shown a strong hand, North's rebid of only two spades was forcing and set the stage for cue-bidding at a low level. Thereafter North's rebids showed the ace and king of diamonds; Jordan's rebids showed the shape of his hand—at least three clubs—and the tops in hearts. After learning, through the five-heart response to four no trump, that North held both missing aces, South used six diamonds to express interest in a grand slam if North's spade holding was suitable.

South won the opening diamond lead in his hand and tested out the club finesse before deciding how to play the spades. If the finesse won, declarer could afford a safety play in spades. When it lost, he had to be able to bring the spade suit in without a loser. Jordan was resigned to taking a double finesse against East, but this proved unnecessary when that player turned up with the unguarded honors.

Mathe made the same 12 tricks at no trump, playing from the North side after rehidding three no trump over South's two-heart rebid. Schleifer clearly held much more than he had shown by his one-spade opening and simple rebid in hearts, but he elected to take the conservative course and pass. Perhaps this decision was influenced by the score of the match at that stage; if so, it was unsound. The side with a good lead usually should bid its cards to the hilt on the theory that the side that is trying to make up ground is pretty sure to be doing likewise. Bidding and making the slam gained 750 points, worth 13 IMPs to the Scientists.

Both teams were frequently hampered by their own bidding methods, and occasionally this happened on the same hand.

Neither side  
vulnerable  
South dealer

**NORTH**  
♠ J 10 7 5  
♥ J 7 5  
♦ A 10 7 5 2  
♣ J

**WEST**  
♠ 8 6 2  
♥ 8 6 5  
♦ Q 7 4  
♣ 10 3

**EAST**  
♠ 13  
♥ A Q J  
♦ 7  
♣ A K 9 6 5 4 2

**SOUTH**  
♠ A K Q 9  
♥ A 10 2  
♦ K 7  
♣ Q 8 7

**SOUTH**  
(Declarer)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

**WEST**  
(Dummy)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

**NORTH**  
(Dummy)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

Becker-Hayden do not use the Stayman convention, asking the opening one-no-trump bidder to show a four-card major suit. So Mrs. Hayden passed Becker's no-trump bid. Vic Mitchell, sitting East, wanted to bid two clubs with his hand, but that would have been Landy, requesting partner to choose between the majors. So he bid three clubs, a contract that would have been set 300 points, had the opponents doubled. However, Mrs. Hayden bid three diamonds—which she barely made.

At the other table Roth-Stone, using the Stayman convention, bid four spades. East won the club lead and shifted to hearts. Roth, sitting South, had no option except to play for the queen to be right. He lost only one heart, one club and one diamond trick, making game for a score of 420, a gain of seven IMPs.

East-West  
vulnerable  
South dealer

**NORTH**  
♠ A Q 7  
♥ K 7 4 2  
♦ K 10 4 2  
♣ 9

**WEST**  
♠ 10 6 5 4  
♥ A Q J 10 4  
♦ Q 9 8 3  
♣

**EAST**  
♠ J 8 2  
♥ 8  
♦ 5  
♣ A K 10 8 7 6 5 3

**SOUTH**  
♠ K 9  
♥ 9 5 2  
♦ A J 7 6  
♣ Q J 4 2

**SOUTH**  
(Declarer)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

**WEST**  
(Dummy)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

**NORTH**  
(Dummy)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

**EAST**  
(Dummy)  
PASS  
PASS  
PASS

Opening lead: 6 of spades

This was one of the most exciting hands of the match and an embarrassing one for those who favor Sputnik—a convention whereby a double is for takeout in some situations where its normal intent would be for penalties.

The embarrassment for devotees of Sputnik came at the other table when Stone (North) opened one diamond. Mrs. Hayden overcalled with four clubs and Roth (South) could not double for penalties. A double would have been for a takeout; he could only pass and hope that Stone could reopen with a double. But North passed, and the contract went down three tricks for 300 points.

Mathe was under no such handicap and, had Schleifer passed the double of three clubs, his side would have scored 500 points for a gain of five IMPs. When Schleifer pulled out to three diamonds, Mathe made the imaginative bid of three no-trump and had the guts to stick it out despite the lack of a heart stopper.

Stayman's opening lead of the 6 of spades drew critical fire from kibitzers but it turned out to be highly successful, removing a vital entry out of South's hand. Mathe might have made the contract if having won East's agonized play of the spade jack with the king, he had pushed his 9 through. However, Mathe made the technically correct play of a diamond and when his finesse of dummy's 10 held the trick he again could have made the contract but for one slight slip. Misled by Stayman's play of the 9 on the first diamond lead, Mathe cashed dummy's diamond king. Next he led a club. East won and shifted to the 8 of hearts, on which Stayman falsecarded again, playing the jack. Dummy took this trick, and thereafter declarer could not make the contract.

Becker and Mrs. Hayden, who were out during the disaster session when their team lost 60 points in 15 deals played steadily and well for the Traditionalists—a comforting bit of news for those who will be rooting for our team in the World Championship. Or statisticians. Stone and Roth fared best for the Scientists. Beyond that, what did the match prove? Not that artificial methods are essential; it could hardly do that in view of the shellacking the Scientists took in the first half. Nor, since the natural bidders lose, did it prove that artificial methods are useless. Those who feel strongly one way or the other before the match feel exactly as they did—and with just as much fervor as ever.

END



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## The real Miami stands up

**That's Miami of Ohio and, without a giant or a star but with lots of savvy, it has become one of the best basketball teams in the country**

The most underrated basketball team in the country is Miami University. The Redskins are 13-1, and since last January they are 21-2 which is, after UCLA's, the best record for that period. But Miami remains unranked, mostly unnoticed and—worst of all—unable even to venture into combat with the simple name that the university borrowed from the Miami River in 1809.

For, despite the fact that Miami is the birthplace of college fraternities, the cradle of coaches and the home of McGuffey's Readers (the primer that educated the whole West), a Johnny-come-lately Miami—which the Ohio school's humor magazine identifies as "the one on water skis"—has forever relegated the first Miami to this listing: Miami (Ohio).

The Ohio players bear up under it, however. They call themselves "Miamibrackets-Ohio," and when they travel and people smile and ask them how the weather is back at college, they always answer that it is 85° and the sun is shining. It is just too much trouble to explain that the old, original, certified Miami is in Ohio. The Ohio Miami is located in Oxford, which is 35 miles northwest of Cincinnati. Oxford is also five miles northwest of Darrown (pop. 200), the home of Walter Akston, manager of the Dodgers, which has become somewhat synonymous with nowhere. Every fall when the baseball season ends, folks in big wild Los Angeles smirk about how dull it must be for Akston back there in Darrown. Well, this is how dull it is in Oxford: in Oxford they have to go to Darrown to get a drink.

Miami is further isolated by a rule prohibiting students from having cars, and basketball itself is a private sort of thing, since Winthrop Court can hold only 3,000. But luckily for Coach Dick

Shrider, Miami considers itself fraught with tradition, and it has a campus sprinkled with enough elm trees and red-brick Georgian architecture to make it one of the most beautiful in the nation. The Miami campus, in fact, looks exactly like the model for that movie campus where everybody hangs out at Pop's Malt Shoppe and talks about the big game coming up against State U. "All I ask," Coach Shrider says, "is just to get a boy up here in spring. Just get him here—when the grass is green and the coeds are walking around in those sweaters."

There is plenty of documentation for this thesis. Exhibit A this year is high scorer Jeff Gehring, who visited Miami one warm day four years ago, mostly just out of courtesy to his twin brother, John, who had already decided to enroll there. (Other twin news: John now holds the school high-jump record. Jeff goes with a cute Miami blonde named Mary Ann Fleck. He used to go with Mary Ann's twin sister.) "Well," Jeff says, "when I came down I really was set on going somewhere else. O.K., it was Bowling Green. But I just took one look at this place, and I remember I said, 'Hey, this is where I want to go to college.' It was just like that."

Gehring's graduating class at Ottawa Hills in suburban Toledo had only 72 students, and it is from just such small schools that Shrider recruits most of his talent. Mere publicized Ohio schools like Ohio State and Cincinnati get the bigger names, and this year the Redskins are missing not just the names but the big star and even the big man. The center is Charley Dinkins, a converted high school forward who stands only 6 feet 5½ and never played basketball before he was a junior in high school. Shrider gambled Dinkins would improve, and—

even though he accidentally chopped off parts of two fingers in his freshman year at Miami—Dinkins has developed sufficiently to become the team's only real pro prospect.

But an even more interesting development has taken place, in miniature, in the person of Guard Johnny Swann, a glib young man—his teammates call him Words—who carries a portable record player on trips to make sure that the team will always be treated to his favorite rhythm and blues records. Swann is from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where his parents work at the swank Greenbrier Hotel. He is, stretching him to the full, 5 feet 10, but when he first arrived at Oxford he was 5 feet 5, 125 pounds, and people thought Shrider had lost his mind.

Swann has great spring and huge hands, and despite his size he can both palm and dunk a ball, pregame facts that rock old Winthrop Court for all it can take. Swann is also used to looking up. "When I was a sophomore in high school," he says, "I was 4 feet 11 and playing on the varsity. Of course I didn't do much shooting then. They just put me on the press. As a matter of fact, that's when they started using the press. What else could they do with me?"

Rounding out the starting team are Charley Coles and Jerry Pearson. Coles was class A (small school) player of the year in Ohio as a high school senior, but he walks as if his feet hurt and, at 6 feet, he did not appeal to the big colleges. Pearson, who is a ringer for Roger Maris and the only junior on the starting five, came to Miami because his high school coach was the brother of the then Miami assistant trainer. In such ways are fine teams meticulously recruited. The touchstone to this team is unity. Four of the starters have been playing together for 3½ years, and Shrider has brought them along carefully. This is the first season that the Redskins are fast-breaking and free-lancing to any significant degree. But the players are so familiar with each other's actions that what is really a free-lance play often looks as smooth as a pattern. Gehring and Coles are the high scorers, Swann drives the team, Pearson is the best on defense and Dinkins, the jumping little pivot man, has superb all-round skills.

Don Knobell, the assistant coach of Vanderbilt (the only team that has beaten Miami this year), says, "The thing

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Donald C. Barrette, Jr., symphony orchestra manager, Ohio



Mrs. Lee McCarty, potter, Mississippi



Richard N. Fudge, mining engineer, Nevada



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about Miami is that it is such a team. There isn't a weakness. Oh, each of the players is weak in a couple of things, but overall, together, there is none. And they all can shoot." Indeed, the Redskins are hitting at .481 and, although four of them average in double figures, only eight times this year has a Miami player hit 20. As a team, Miami averages 86.2, 18th best in the nation. Defensively, using a tight, gambling man-to-man with zone tendencies, they have held opponents to 65.1 per game, a figure just out of

the top 20. No team in the country, however, is as good at both ends of the court.

This last weekend was typical at Miami. It began with a Friday-night jaunt by Coach Shrder into the countryside in search of those small-school ballplayers who can shoot and might still be growing. Saturday he was back to his team of today, which easily beat Kent State 87-55, a victory that made Miami 9-0 in the Mid-American Conference. The Redskins were a bit ragged against Kent—it was exam time, and they had

practiced only twice during the week—but they still put on their usual show. Most significantly, while the offense lacked its usual precision, the tough defense was maintained. The game was over early simply because Kent was not able to shoot against Miami, the Golden Flashes got off only 11 shots in the first 11 minutes.

Miami runs into some interesting non-league competition this week. First the Redskins and 6-foot-5½ Charley Dinkins must battle Dayton and 7-foot Henry Finkel at Dayton. And then, of all things, there will be a Miami game, that is, Miami University vs. the University of Miami at Miami Beach in a contest guaranteed to confuse a lot of neighborhood bookies. The Redskin players would like to see the loser get the brackets this time.

"These kids have pride and heart," Coach Shrder says. "They were all stars in their home towns but then they were overlooked, and now they have a chance to show that they shouldn't have been. We could tell they were going to be good as soon as they worked together as freshmen. Early in their sophomore year we played Bowling Green, and they beat us 86-36. That's right, 86-36. I came into the locker room, and most of them were crying. I said, 'All right, don't worry. I can't say don't forget it, because you were humiliated and you'll never forget this.' But there was a return game, and I mentioned that. It was January 12. I remember that, because we kept saying it and I'd write it up on the blackboard—January 12, the 12th of January. And, you know, we beat 'em."

"They're really unselfish, really a team. Sometimes I wish they were a little tougher, a little more hard-nosed, but I guess they just never will be. The trouble is, what these guys are—they're boys you'd like your daughter to marry. Doesn't that sound corny?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm just thinking a little corny now. But if we can beat Ohio U. again and win the conference and get along in that NCAA tournament thing, wouldn't we be something? Everybody would be for us. They'd have to—all these kids nobody ever heard of. We'd have to be everybody's favorite, the team of the common man. Now just how would that be in old Miami-brackets-Ohio?"

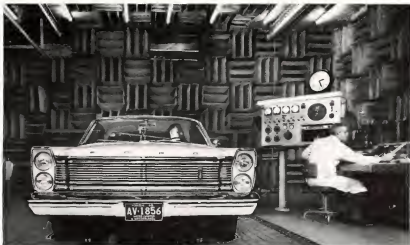
It would be 85° and the sun would be shining.

END



HEIGHT IS RELATIVE, and high-scoring Jeff Gehring, who towers over his diminutive girlfriend, Mary Ann Fleck, actually is just about average, at 6 feet 6, among college forwards.

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## ***The Croatian Candidate***

*George Chuvalo is a Canadian of Croatian descent who has never been knocked down, dabbles in Freud and Confucius and feels he is destined to be heavyweight champion. This week he pursues his presumed fate in a bout with Floyd Patterson*

*BY GILBERT ROGIN*





—OTIS SCHEIDT

One evening last month, George (The New) Chivalo (or *covek*), who fights Floyd Patterson on Monday night, Feb. 1, called his wife from his training camp, a golf club on the snowy edge of Toronto, to say he was coming home for a couple of hours. Mitchell, who is 5, and the oldest of Chivalo's four sons, answered the phone.

"Let me speak to your mother," Chivalo said.  
"You can't," Mitchell said. "She went out to marry someone else."

Driving home, Chivalo said, "That's the worst thing about boxing—being away."

When he got home, a small, brick house on Axon Avenue, he said to Mitchell, "Where was she when I called?"

"She was at court telling the judge you ripped her skirt," Mitchell said.

Chivalo's wife, Lynne, was bathing Jesse, the baby, in the kitchen sink. "They've watched *Duane Cour*," she said. "I can beat you up," Mitchell said to his father. "I've

been in training all year. He dropped to the carpet and did five or six push ups on his knees. Steven, 8, and George Jr., 2, climbed over Chivalo.

"Look, no hands," said Steven, teetering.

"When he's home he's very lax," said Lynne. "He's away so much."

"He got a tooth right in there in the middle," said Steven, looking into George Jr.'s mouth.

"It's had an effect on the children," Lynne said. "Manny's the time I wished he had an ordinary 9-to-5 job like everybody else. But he's done it for so many long, hard years and the money's just around the corner. It would be silly to quit now. If he didn't take this chance he'd always hate himself. A couple of years ago, when he was in Detroit, we were all just living on practically nothing. Hot dogs."

"Hamburgers," said Chivalo. "I was living on hamburgers and coffee. I was living like a dog. I stayed in a cheap hotel. They kept stealing my suits in Detroit."

—JENNIFER J.

"I never really got on his back," Lynne said. "He'd always hate me for it. Every man has to do what he wants. But I don't think too many people know what hard is."

"My first fight in Detroit I went a day and a half without eating," Chuvale said. "I weighed 203. I was *gnaw*!"

"He really looked terrible," Lynne said.

Chuvale told about driving from Detroit to Toronto in the fall of 1963 in a '54 Ford with a dollar and some change in his pocket. Lynne, who was pregnant with Jesse, had a suitcase on her shoulder: the right front window would not roll up and the suitcase kept the wind off Mitchell, Steven and George Jr., who were sleeping in the back. Then the gas pedal fell off. Chuvale stepped on the pin. That went, too. Chuvale told his wife to get down and stick her finger through the hole in the floor to depress the gas-linkage bar.

"I knew there was nothing else to do," Lynne said. "You have to cooperate."

"O.K., honey, we're going through a town, I would tell her," Chuvale said. "Slow down." I didn't know whether she was cussing or praying down there. "Got to do 60, honey, we're on the highway now."

"It was the dark of night and the wind was howling," Lynne said.

"Every time I'd look down and see her," Chuvale said, "I'd say to myself, 'She ought to be on television.'"

"I was there for an hour and a half," Lynne said.

"Mitchell woke up," Chuvale said. "He looked over the seat and saw his mommy down there on the floor. 'Daddy,' he said, 'when are we going to get a new car?'"

Chuvale was asked whether he would have changed places with Lynne if she had had a license, which she did not.

"Sure," Chuvale said. "She was pregnant at the time." They laughed. "But like Freud says," Chuvale said, "whatever you say, even if you say you meant it as a joke or you didn't mean it, that's what you really believe."

"George reads Freud," Lynne said.

"Every time they meet you, they're surprised you can talk," Chuvale said. "People think fighters are all dis-dat-and-dose guys. I read psychology." On the top of his bureau at camp, next to a bottle of Geritol and a collection of pinecones which Mitchell brought him, is a book entitled *General Psychology*. "I read Freud, Jung. I read philosophy. Confucius and a few other fellows. Plato. Aristotle. I like Socrates best of the Greeks. I suppose I'm trying to understand life a little more. I left school in the 12th grade. I suppose I'm trying to make it up, get as much education as I can on my own. I'm interested in religions, too—the way they contradict each other, the mumbo jumbo, the way theologians don't agree. My father wanted me to be a tool-and-die maker. If I wasn't a fighter, I'd like to be a lawyer. There's quite a bit of a challenge there, too, like in fighting. That's the common denominator."

"When Mitchell was 2," Chuvale went on, "a friend of mine, who has a boy about the same age, said let's put the gloves on—big, 16-ounce pillows. They moved around a bit, didn't get hurt. Still, I was so scared. Then I under-

stood why my father looked the way he did when he went to my fights and I used to see him sitting out there."

"I get terrible migraine headaches when I watch George fight," said Lynne. "I like a good, exciting fight. The best fight I've ever seen was Archie Moore and Yvon Durelle."

"She's not much of a Chuvale fan," said Chuvale, previously. "The point I was making about the kids is, if I make a fighting, they won't have to. If I don't—I try not to think of losing. But you have to. I've never been knocked down or really staggered. I've been quite fortunate. I guess you have to keep plugging."

"He could have been champion today," Lynne said. "He was held back so long."

Chuvale has a new trainer, Theodore McWhorter, who has altered his style, and an even newer manager, Irving Ungerman, who generously supports him and extols the new Chuvale in a mimeographed flyer entitled *The George Chuvale Newsletter*. "Theodore McWhorter made George what he is, but he always had the potential," Lynne said. "All the guy ever did before was run and skip rope. They can't punch back. Even then, he did his best. But he's the same guy."

"I'm still a miserable son of a gun—the old Chuvale," Chuvale said.

"George is the optimist," Lynne said. "I'm the pessimist. But he's a poor loser. We play Scramble all the time."

"Up at camp, you can't even *begin* to play," Chuvale said. "Once I tried to play Password with one of the sparring partners. . . ." He shrugged.

"We've never had a vacation together," Lynne said. "The first thing we'll do when you're champion, George, is we'll travel."

"I'll take you to Buffalo—" Chuvale said.

"Thanks, George," Lynne said.

"—if you're a nice girl," Chuvale said. "The first thing I'll do when I'm champion is I'll have a big smile on my face."

**G**eorge Chuvale has a snapshot of himself taken when he was 9 and learning how to box from a series of lessons that were appearing on cards enclosed in cereal boxes. It shows him in a pair of trunks, wearing boxing gloves. He has his hands up and looks fairly desperate; he was, having just told his father to hurry up and take the picture because he could not hold his belly out any longer. Indeed, the extraordinary thing about the photograph is that Chuvale, who was otherwise quite skinny, had this enormous belly. "I used to stick my belly out all the time," he explains. "I thought it made me look big. I always felt I was destined for the world's heavyweight championship."

On the road to this presumed fate is the meeting with Patterson in Madison Square Garden. Chuvale is now the World Boxing Association's third-ranked heavyweight contender; Patterson is rated No. 2. The winner here is sup-

posed to fight the winner of the Ernie Terrell (No. 1)-Eddie Machen (No. 4) match in Chicago on March 5. The WBA has foreordained this winner of winners the new world champion, having expunged the rightful titleholder, Cassius Clay, for agreeing to a forbidden rematch with Sonny Liston, who was previously unrecognized because he had been picked up on a traffic violation. This rematch, of course, is still theoretical, because of Clay's convalescence following a hernia operation and Liston's persistent erratic driving. Chuvaleo apparently attained the No. 3 ranking by beating Doug Jones in October, for Chuvaleo's only other notable opponent last year was Zora Folley, to whom he lost. However, Trainer McWhorter says "we" had both in both ears that night. Zora, coincidentally, is also the name of Chuvaleo's sister. Machen, who was No. 5, rose by virtue of inertia; Cleveland Williams, who was No. 4, was shot in the groin by a policeman after he was picked up on a traffic violation. Machen evidently reached No. 5 on the strength of his loss to Patterson last July. Somebody has got to set this to music.

Although Chuvaleo weighed 198 by the time he was 15, which took a load off his abdominal muscles and fulfilled the "heavyweight" portion of his destiny, the "championship" seemed wholly unattainable until he upset Jones. "Boxing hasn't been worth it up to now," Chuvaleo said the other day, reflecting on a largely undistinguished professional career which has spanned eight years and included 39 fights, 29 of which he has won. "I often look back on my life and review it. The way I figure, I would have made just as much driving a truck. I see it in dollars and cents. Otherwise, it's ridiculous. I'm excited by the prospect of making a lot of money. I enjoy boxing to an extent. At least I haven't had an ordinary 9-to-5 job. But it's not the same as when I was a kid and fought for nothing."

Chuvaleo—the name was originally spelled Čuvaleo and pronounced *chuvaleo*, but *shuvaleo* is now the proper articulation—grew up in The Junction, a harsh, dingy section of Toronto. His father had come to Canada from Croatia, a part of Yugoslavia, in 1926 and worked on the roads in Nova Scotia and in the bush. (If Chuvaleo ultimately wins the title, he will not be the first champion of Croatian descent; that distinction belongs to Fratric Zivic.) It was not until 1936 that he had enough money to send for his wife, who went to work plucking chickens. George was born the following year. He started fighting amateur at the East York Arena when he was 15 and, all told, won 18 of 19 fights. "Fighting kept me out of trouble," Chuvaleo says.

Chuvaleo's professional debut could hardly have been more auspicious. On the night of April 23, 1956, competing in a heavyweight novice tournament, he knocked out all four of his opponents in a total of 12 minutes and 36 seconds. Two months later, and without the customary benefit of preliminary bouts, Chuvaleo fought one Johnny Arthur, who was the South African champion and a veteran of 34 fights, and beat him over eight rounds. When, however, in his third fight Chuvaleo took on Howard King, who

had 45 fights, he suffered his first defeat. Campaigning almost exclusively in Toronto, Chuvaleo then won six in a row before losing to his next "name" fighter, Bob Baker, in September of 1957. In 1958 he beat Julio Mederos, knocked King out in two, drew with sixth-rated Alex Mitseff, which earned Chuvaleo the No. 10 ranking, knocked out James J. Parker in a round for the Canadian heavyweight title and, in his first televised bout, was sorely beaten by Pat McMurry in Madison Square Garden. Humiliated and downcast, Chuvaleo did not fight again for nearly a year; he apparently spent most of the interval morosely lifting weights. He had two fights at the end of 1959, knocking out Frankie Daniels and Yvon Durelle. In 1960 he was defeated by Pete Rademacher ("I had that very embarrassing," Chuvaleo said recently), then lost and regained his Canadian title in a pair of fights with Bob Cleroux. He beat Mitseff and Willie Besmanoff in 1961 before losing once more to Cleroux and finally to Joe Evers, being disqualified for repeated butting, whereupon he quit the ring and went into the used car business, which he found equally unrewarding.

"I was discouraged," Chuvaleo says. "I was wasting my time." He attributes his futile record to his manager, the late Jack (Dezoo) Allen, and his trainer, Tommy McBeigh. "They tried to make a boxer out of me," he says. "I jabbed, I moved around a lot. My right hand, I might as well have left it at home. For my build, it was unnatural. My build should be a slugger." Chuvaleo is 6 feet 1 and weighs about 210 when he is in shape. He has exceptionally thick legs and a rather large head; these make him appear a good deal shorter than he is. He is unusually strong, when he was fooling around with weights he was able to press 240 pounds. "They only had me boxing three rounds in the gym," Chuvaleo says, "so I figure, how can I go 10 fast rounds? I'd only get aggressive in the last round."

When Chuvaleo found, as he says, that a used-car lot "wasn't my kind of a business," he decided to return to boxing. He raised the money to buy up his contract from Allen and set forth on his own for Detroit. "I wanted to be transformed into a more aggressive fighter," he says. "I heard there was a man in Detroit who was the best trainer for aggressive fighters there was."

"He come to Detroit seeking someone to help him," says Theodore McWhorter, a slender, soulful and temporarily toothless man who handled Chuck Davey, Chuck Spieser and Johnny Summerlin. "He had all the qualifications. He just needed someone to bring them out. What he did he did as well as he know how. For a kid to come through the fights he come through, they had to teach him something, but he had no confidence in his handlers. They had him moving around like a lightweight. Didn't seem right, big guy like him moving around. He has too much weight on him to run around. Big guy can do it just so long. Big guy like him run away, look bad. He'll come to you. He'll come to you now. He's willing to go forward, that's the thing. They hadn't put too much on him, so it wasn't too hard to

continued

## Creation Candidate

change him around. I closed him up. Before, he would open up to throw a punch, telegraph it. I taught him to bob and weave, slip, throw a lot of combinations. He can counter-punch now, he can do a lot of things. I saw he was getting hit too much with jabs. I see his pictures in *The Ring* magazine. He looked like a bloody horse right around the nose. I figure a jab doing the damage. I only lost me one fight with him, and we were sick that night. We had all but Folley down. We've been knocking them out a lot. He's definitely not the fighter he was. He's got a lot more confidence. He's got peace of mind. If you don't have no peace of mind, you can't do a thing.

"He's a gentleman," McWhorter says. "That's why I like him. He's strictly a gentleman. What a wonderful thing to be heavyweight champion of the world. He could wear it. He's the type of man that makes a good man. He could definitely wear it. You see a lot of Presidents, but not all of them can wear it. Roosevelt could wear it, Kennedy could wear it. Eisenhower. . . . Truman could wear it a little better."

With McWhorter as his trainer and acting as his (out) manager, Chuvale started his comeback by quickly knocking out four nonentities, three of whom literally do not appear in *The Ring Record Book*, the fourth had lost nine of his previous 11 fights. This buildup almost went for naught, however: although Chuvale could approve his opponents, he had no say about the referees. In his next appearance, a televised match with Mike DeJohn in Louisville, Chuvale knocked DeJohn down in the second round. Referee Don Asbury stopped the fight, and Chuvale's second, thinking DeJohn had been knocked out, removed Chuvale's gloves. Asbury, however, decided DeJohn had been fouled and ordered the fighters to continue. In the sixth round Chuvale knocked DeJohn out of the ring. Asbury pulled him back in, wiped his gloves and finally began to count. While Chuvale was waiting for the decision to be announced, he says Asbury said to him, "What do you look so glum for, George? You won by a country mile." A moment later, Chuvale heard that Asbury had scored the fight a draw. Fortunately, the judges voted for Chuvale.



Chuvale signs his picture for a fan after training in Toronto. His son Mitchell gives his D.A., while son Steven makes like Tarzan.

Six weeks later Chuvale fought another televised bout, this time against Tony Alonte in Miami Beach. Alongi won a split decision. The following day, the Miami Beach Boxing Commission declared that Referee Cy Gottfried's card had been "incorrectly scored" and changed the decision to a draw.

Shaken by these narrow escapes, as well as by his loss to Folley early last year, Chuvale got himself a manager—omer Ungerman, comfortable, charitable poultry processor, dismayed by the prevalence of sharp practice in the fight game—and a sponsoring group, Apollo Promotions, attentional symbol of manly youth: besides Irving Ungerman, Karl Ungerman, Moe Wasser, in poultry, likewise, Mel Newman, furniture: Aaron Sokolsky, restaurateur.

Irving Ungerman fought amateur as a 105-pounder. He grew up in a Gentile district, Perth Avenue, where a big Scottish kid who called him *Israelite* used to hit him with a geography book. "It was at least 24 by 18," says Ungerman. "On the head, from behind, every school day he'd buckle me down. I joined the YMCA. There was no YMHA." In time, Ungerman had revenge in the cloakroom. "I opened his head in two different places," he says. Ungerman owns several tarnished teaspoons he won boxing in the Air Force. "If I really wanted to, I possibly could have come up pretty good, won a few little trophies," he says.

Ungerman has known Chuvale since he was an infant: his mother used to leave him in his carriage in Ungerman's front store while she plucked chickens. "I have a great interest in the kid solely because of the close relationship he had with me as a child, and my respect for the parents," Ungerman said the other evening after dinner, surrounded by his family: Mrs. Sylvia Ungerman; their daughter, Shelley, 17; their son, Howie, 15; their daughter, Tenny, 3. "I attribute his ability and goodness to his parents."

"George is very close to his mother and father," Mrs. Ungerman said. "He's not at all ashamed to kiss his father. He takes his soiled gym clothes home to his mother. It's like he's Jewish, but he's Croatian."

"I said to George, 'What is it you really need?'" Ungerman said. "He said, 'Someone who will really take care of me.' He had a sour taste with his other manager, a little bit of suspicion. He doesn't automatically take to a person."

"He's an introvert," said Mrs. Ungerman. "You never know what he's thinking. He doesn't expose himself. He's got a reserve. But whatever he undertakes, he does it wholeheartedly, with great belief, with positive thinking."

"There is absolutely no consideration that a fellow reaps some money out of this," Ungerman said. "Money never did interest me. I've had no value for money. I've been happy without it. It would be the greatest enjoyment in my life to get that championship. I'd be only too happy to give all the money to charity. George used to have that problem—if he needed something, he couldn't turn to his manager."

"It cost money," said Mrs. Ungerman. "Once Irv took over, George was finally going to get something he wanted

and was looking for. He can go through training without worry, aggravation maybe and doubts, knowing that she needs he requires for proper boxing are being looked after for his good."

"I second that motion," said Howie.

"Passed," said Mrs. Ungerman.

"He's a new Chuvale, mentally wise," Ungerman said. "He listens, he abides. What I'm enjoying is there is such good harmony."

Ungerman said the fighter gets 50% of his gross earnings; Apollo pays the expenses from its 50%. He said Chuvale has a drawing account but has never asked for all he is entitled to. "He doesn't want any charity out of me," Ungerman said. "He never went to a training camp before the Jones fight. He has a trainer he has a great love for, four sparring partners, new hags, proper everything. Theodore tapes his hands every time he trains, just like it's a real fight. So it cost me \$50 a month in tape. It's psychology I got him gaggles. He likes to chop wood. I never managed a fighter before. I used common sense. God forbid a chip should get in his eye. He carries an ax in his car because he sometimes gets an urge to chop wood. A couple of years ago, he's driving near my country place, he gets an urge. He asks a guy whether it's all right to chop a tree here. He tells him it's all right. He's chopping a tree and an old, English-type woman arrives. She sees him cutting a beautiful tree and she says it's her tree. George has to go to court. It develops the tree was six inches or a foot outside her property. The case was dismissed. George is a decent, honorable guy. He only cut the tree because the guy said it was all right."

"I kept impressing him; this is only the beginning. During the Jones fight, while I'm letting air into his trunks, I'm telling him, 'You're the champion of the world. You've got it. You're made.' I'm so grateful he won that fight. Before, I was a little dubious about getting my name mentioned. Now I'm proud of it. I sent a couple of my maintenance men up to his house to make a railing by his steps. I'm always sending up chickens and rabbits. After the fight I gave him a cake with 'It's Only the Beginning' on it. He saw me order it before the fight. It's psychology. They never encouraged him before. They left him all alone. I got him dressing different. I'm getting him to meet people. I use a little bit of the Canoe cologne. He gets a kick out of it. I told him it was \$7.50 for a little bottle. Keep fighting, I told him, it's yours."

"I'm not saying he's smarter, cleverer, more polished than Patterson. If he loses—I have to face reality—it wouldn't change my thinking a bit. I wouldn't drop him."

"Why should you?" asked Mrs. Ungerman.

"If he really did lose that fight," said Ungerman, "I'd be that much more devoted to him."

"George, the tanker. George, the tanker," said Shelley, laughing. "That's what all the kids in school say to me—George, the tanker."

*continued*

"George Jeff-O," said Tommy, or something near it.  
"Are you calling George yellow?" said Howie.

Cassius Clay has frequently, and vaguely, termed Chivalo "the washerwoman" in the deprecatory vein in which he refers to Floyd Patterson as "she" or "the rabbit." In the same breath Clay has ostensibly called Chivalo "a dirty fighter," which bewilders Chivalo because of the seeming inconsistency. Nevertheless, when he was in Miami Beach for the Alongs fight, Chivalo paraded in drag—an old bonnet, a dress, his face made up like a crone—on Collins Avenue with McWhorter, who held a placard which read, "Cautious Cassius Afraid to Fight This Old Washerwoman."

"The only thing Clay is afraid of is that he might not get a chance to fight Chivalo," says Angelo Dundee, the champion's manager. Although the epithet is no doubt infelicitous in this decade, Chivalo is putatively a White Hope and, consequently, big box office.

"White Hope," Chivalo said the other night, driving back to camp from Avon Avenue. "It makes you feel funny. But it's preposterous to call me a dirty fighter. Now, I don't mind the image of being a rough, tough fighter."

At camp, Ungerman, who had driven out with Mel Newman, one of the backers, showed a film of the Jones fight he had had specially made. Although Jones has complained that Chivalo kept stepping on his feet, Chivalo did not appear at all dirty. When it was pointed out that he had often held Jones about the waist with his left arm, Chivalo seemed genuinely contrite, said he had not realized he had done it so often and would, in the future, deserve a little. "It's all different on film," he said. "I didn't realize Jones threw so many punches. Even when I knocked him down it seemed different. It's closer on film than I thought it was."

Ungerman then showed the third Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fight; prior to the Jones fight, Chivalo had studied a film of the Machen-Jones fight. "We find the movies very refreshing," says McWhorter. McWhorter is not one of those stereotyped trainers who lounge, arms draped over the uppermost ring rope, occasionally muttering to their fighters to keep their lefts up. In fact, McWhorter gets right into the ring with Chivalo when he is sparring—a somewhat comic figure in a fedora, him turned up all around, a tattered yellow coat-sweater and a pair of shapeless trousers, low in the seat, that might well have been bought secondhand from a burlesque comedian; he is slightly crouched, peering as closely as a dentist, continuously exhorting. McWhorter has also devised a drill that Chivalo calls "hand beat." Wearing the same outfit, with the addition of a pair of 16-ounce gloves, McWhorter has Chivalo practice combinations by striking the gloves, which he holds in various positions. He is, furthermore, an advocate of long, strenuous workouts. Chivalo has boxed as many as 12 rounds in a single session but, then, Chivalo is what they call "a good trainer." Says Ungerman with awe,

"One night, when George was training for the Jones fight, I came out to camp, and there he was outside swinging a sledge hammer, hitting a tire prior to going to bed."

While the movie unfolded, Chivalo lay back on the rose carpet in the sunken living room, two pillows, one of which Ungerman had solicitously provided, supported his head. Chivalo was staying in a bungalow which houses the waitresses during the months that the golf course is playable; he trained in the clubhouse beneath an elegant chandelier and before a mural which depicts a country scene much in the manner of Grandma Moses. The sparring partners, with the exception of Cody Jones, who was in his room painting an elaborate portrait of a lady with flimsy hair ("I like to paint hair," Cody says), sat around eating Ungerman's barbecued chicken. It was, Chivalo estimated, about the 50th time he had seen the film.

"Look at that," McWhorter was saying in the dark. "Look at that. Patterson won't hit back. He's a leader. See that. See that, George. I think we box him a little bit. See how he misses, George. You step back. He come in like that, you hit him, he won't wake up until tomorrow. Look at that. Look at that. He's off balance. He's *worse* than an old washerwoman. We're not Johansson. He try to lunge with the left with us—he dead. When I turn George loose, he going to go. Beat him and beat him and hit him and hit him. To the body. To the head. I'm going to get him so he can fight for three minutes."

"He's going to weigh 209 for Patterson. For Jones, we supposed to come in 209. When we left camp we were weighing 206. Something must have happened—we come in 211. I like that weight—209. Under 10 his body feel faster. Over 10 it feel heavy. You not, but it's psychology. Feel faster, you faster. Those little numbers."

Chivalo never got to see Johansson knocked out that night: the film kept sticking in the middle of the fifth round, the frame abruptly burning—a violent, darkening image. When the lights were turned on, Chivalo took one of his pillows over to the wall, stood on his head and did a neck exercise.

"Marciano used to do that," Ungerman said.

Beyond the great picture window, as on the Feast of Stephen, the snow lay round about; the glass itself was remarkably cold.

"You know," said McWhorter, "I just might go down to Puerto Rico to see Patterson fight." This was a few days before Patterson knocked out Charlie Powell in San Juan.

"And four days after the fight," said Chivalo, "no Theodore. Call him up in Puerto Rico. 'Hello, is that Theodore McWhorter speaking?' 'Yes, and forget it.'"

McWhorter sucked on his dying cigar, enjoying his imaginary vacation. Chivalo was asked whether he had ever considered moving from Toronto to a tropical climate if he became champion.

"No," he said, "if you got the money you can always step into a nice, warm house."

**END**

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## TIME/LIFE

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL—BOSTON AND CINCINNATI** each had three victories and one defeat and eight games. Third-place **PHILADELPHIA**, however, had a week to remember. The 76ers won their first two games with the Pistons and their "Big Chair" game. Philadelphia beat the Warriors 111-92, the Pistons again 109-101, and the Celtics 104-100 to give Rivers' winning streak at 14, just one game short of the NBA record. In his first three games with the 76ers, Chambers averaged only 19 points but had 87 rebounds and passed off more often than he shot. **NEW YORK** lost twice to **LOS ANGELES**, which improved its lead in the West to 3½ games with a 2-1 win. **BALTIMORE**, with three victories over the Hawks and a loss to the Celtics, climbed into a tie for second with **ST. LOUIS**, which dropped all four of its games. **DETROIT** lost three out of five and **SAN FRANCISCO** broke out of three to record its second win, 16, a new NBA mark.

**CONSIDERING—TONY NASH** and **ROBIN DOUGLAS** of former Boston, 1964 World Olympic gold medalists, won the world two-man bobsled championship in St. Moritz, with two record-breaking runs of 1:38.94 and 1:34.99 and an average time for four runs of 3:11.39. Italy's Rosolino Reatti and Kenzo de Lorenzis came in second, and Les Emery and Mike Young of Canada finished third.

**BOWLING—DICK WEBER** took his third All-Star Bowling Championship in Philadelphia by beating Ben St. John of Santa Clara, Calif. 408 to 346 in the final three-game match. The women's division was won by a **NIN SALLY** of Salt Lake City when the defeated Sandy Wheeler of Anaheim, Calif. 397 to 379 in the final. It was her first major title.

**GOLF—Austrian BRUCE CAMPBELL**, 29, became the first foreigner to win the Claret Cup tournament at Pebble Beach, Calif. 69 to 72, which he won a three-round play-off of the final day for a 75-hole total of 284.

**MRS. MARLENE STREET** won her fourth Helen Danvers Challenge Cup at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., by defeating defending champion Nancy Roth 2 and 1 in a 36-hole match.

**HOCKEY—MONTRÉAL** scored two points ahead of the Black Hawks by winning its third game. Bobby Hull scored his 37th goal, and CHRIS AGOSTINI, with two wins and no losses, increased in lead to first overall over third-place **DETROIT**. **DETROIT** defeated the Bruins 3-0 and the Maple Leafs 4-1 to move within one point of third. **NEW YORK** lost one and lost out—a five record compared to **BOSTON**, which lost three of four. The Bruins lost with 3-0 over the Canadiens, snapping a five-game losing streak.

**NORSE RACING—**The \$30,000 Royal Palm Handicap at Hialeah Park was won by **STUNTRUCK** (11-10), ridden by **Belmont**, by five lengths. Favored **Chantanooga** came in fifth.

**ROTOR SPORTS—**An Anglo-British Miss Cooper driven by **TIMOTHY MARSH** of England and **PAUL LESTER** of England won the rugged Monte Carlo Rally, 2,714 miles from Stockholm to Monte Carlo, in some of the worst weather in the history of the 36-year-old race. A German team in a Porsche finished second, 48-11 penalty points behind, and Mrs. Pat Moss, Carlsson and Elizabeth Nyström of Sweden, driving a Saab, were third.

**SKINE—MARIELLE GOETSCH** of France gained the continental title at the Golden Key international women's skiing competition at Schladau, Austria, by taking the slalom in a heavy snowstorm and by leading three in the downhill. She also won the giant slalom, which did not count in the overall standings. The downhill winner was Austria's **CHRISTEL HAAS**, while France's Edith Zismann made fourth in second, behind in second place. The 25th Hahnenkamm Trophy for both combined performances in the downhill and slalom during the international Hahnenkamm, Austria, was won by **JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY** of France, who finished first in the slalom and 10th in the downhill. Germany's **LIEKE** and **LIKE** won the downhill and **WILLY FAYRE** of Switzerland the giant slalom.

**SPEED SKATING—DICK WURSTER** of Babylon, N.Y., edged favored Tom Grogg of Minneapolis 21-20 to win the indoor men's title at the National Outdoor championships on Lake Como, Minn.

**TEENIE—Austrian** retained the women's Federation Cup when **LESLEY TURNER** and **MARGA LIT** SMITH defeated Czech **Calufo Grahner** and **Bitter Jean Moffin** of the U.S. in the singles at Kent open Stadium in Melbourne.

**TRACK & FIELD—Twenty Olympic medal winners** showed up at the Los Angeles International indoor meet at the L. A. Sports Arena, but **GEORGE YOUNG**, an amateur in Tokyo, was the meet's outstanding performer. He upset Olympic 10,000-meter champion Bill Mills and Gerry Lindgren in winning the 10,000-meter run in 44.5. **WYOMING** set a national record in the women's 800 and 400 (1:33.2 seconds), and **RALPH BISHOP** won the 400-yard dash in 1:04 by a 100-yard margin over the U.S.S.R. in the broad jump with a leap of 26 feet 3 inches. In other events, **BILL CROTHERS** of Canada made both the 1,000 and 400-yard runs, and **DYROL BURLESON** of Oregon overtook Cary Wenger of North Carolina on the final lap to take the mile in a slow 4:07.2.

**WALSH—HIRE** To succeed Wayne Hardin as head football coach at the U.S. Naval Academy, **BILL ELIAS**, 41, who compiled a 16-2-1 record in four years at the University of Virginia.

**HIRE** **JOHN'S PONT**, after two years and a 12-5 record as head football coach at Yale, to take over at Indiana University, which has had a winning season since 1947.

**RESIGNED—**From his job as wrestling coach at Pitt, **KLIN FERRY**, who over 15 years built the university's team into a national collegiate power and who had just served as coach of the U.S. free style wrestling team at the Tokyo Olympics.

**RETIRED—**From amateur tennis, **MURIEL DAVIS GROSVELD**, 24, winner of 18 national A.A.U. titles for juniors and three times a member of the U.S. Olympic team.

**RETIRED LAURENCE N. DARRYSNYDER**, 68, head track coach at Ohio State since 1907 and coach of the U.S. Olympic track team in 1908. During his 15-year career he coached seven Olympians and led his Buckeye team to five Big Ten titles.

**RETIRED Y. A. TITILE**, 36, after 17 years as a professional football quarterback. Title, who was seriously ill through in 1966 after 10 seasons with the San Francisco 49ers, came back to lead the New York Giants to three straight NFL Eastern Division championships. Among his seven NFL records, he holds 160 and 161 most throws (123 games) (121).

**TRADED—ABNER HATNEN**, the Kansas City Chiefs' starting back, who has led the team to a first place in 1960, to the Denver Broncos for Lincolnton-Pepper **JIM FRASER** and cash.

**TRADED—The Auburn's ROCKY COLA** to Cleveland to a completed season deal that sent White Sox Outfielders **Jim Landis** and **Mike Harshberger** and an unnamed pitcher to Kansas City. Catcher **JOHN RICHMOND**, Pitcher **Tommy John** and Outfielder **Tommy Agee** of the Indians to Chicago, and **OUTFIELDER** **Garrett** from Chicago to Cleveland.

**DIED NICK ALTIERI**, 38, who gained world-wide fame as baseball's first eleven white coaching by Washington Senators (1912-1931). Earlier, Altier, who was known as a strong left-handed pitcher. From 1904-06, he had 41 victories, including 24 in 1905, for the Chicago White Sox, and in the 1906 World Series he won a 2-1 game and lost a 1-0 game against the Cubs. Altier's major league career started in 1896 and ended in 1931. He was 37 when he died. That year he appeared in Washington's last game of the season as an unsuccessful pinch hitter. Four years before, in his successful last, he pitched in a triple for the Senators.

## CREDITS

- 4. Paul Isler 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**BURAN URRAN**, 15, of the Black Hawks, paired with her 20-year-old premed student brother, Sam, to win the Gold Dance title in the Eastern Figure Skating Championships in Boston, thus qualifying for the dance competition at the National Championships later this month.

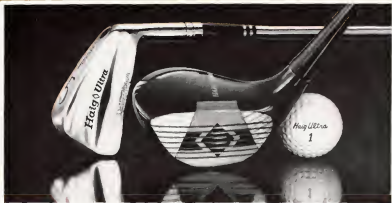
**TRIM TAPLEY**, who turned out for soccer just 16 months ago to keep in shape for baseball, applied his outfielder's arm and catcher's aplomb to his job as goalie, and became the second All-America first-singer in the University of California's history.

**JOHNNY JONES**, a 6-foot-4 senior at Blanche Ely High in Pompano Beach, Fla., scored 32 field goals and 21 free throws for 83 points—a new Florida high school record—while leading his team to a 1958 victory over Delray Beach Career—another new state scoring record.

**B.M. BULFIN**, a Greensboro, N.C. steel plant superintendent who raises pointers as a hobby, guided his white-and-liver pointer, Midnight Mac, to the All-Age stake title at the annual trials of the Carolina Amateur Field Trial Club held in Hoffman, N.C.

**LINDA KARL**, 13, of North Merrick, N.Y., bowled a spare followed by nine strikes for a 271 game in her junior high school league to better her previous high (185) by 92 points. She has been bowling for two years, but this was her first attempt at league competition.

**GEORGE MURPHY**, a senior at Vermont Academy in Saxtons River, Vt., scored 16 goals—but backs in the first and third periods and four goals in the second—as his hockey team crashed Mount Hermon School 12-3. His season total is now 16 goals, four assists.



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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

*Misfortune has struck some of the perennial winners this year, to the delight of their long-suffering neighbors. Kentucky's cross-country old Adolph Rupp, for one, is a wallflower in the race of the Southeastern Conference after Florida beat his Wildcats for the first time in 31 years. Cincinnati's Ed Jucker, once described as a coach who never has enough to know him, is leaving. Missouri Valley coach Louisville and Drake both beat his Bearcats last week, pushing them nearer last place. Meanwhile, teams like Michigan, Wichita State and Davidson, not too long ago newcomers in college basketball, are the new leaders.*

## THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (12-0)  
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (12-0)

Unbeaten PROVIDENCE's Joe Mullaney does not waste time on theory—even his own. He knows his combination defense is not infallible so, when Seton Hall passed through and shot over it early in the game in Providence, he adjusted quickly. Mullaney substituted sophomore for Raandon for Jim Ahern in the backcourt and switched to man-to-man. Pretty soon Jimmy Walker, Jim Benedict and Bill Blair had Providence ahead 65-46. Then the Friars unaccountably began firing—and missing—from far out. Seton Hall took charge of the offensive boards, and Providence's lead dwindled to five points with two minutes to go. But the Friars held on to win 88-81. "They were too trigger-happy," complained Mullaney.

All week long St. Joseph's Jack Ramsay was saying that Penn beat his team the last three years because Quaker Coach Jack McCloskey kept throwing the best-coached Philadelphia team at him. So Saturday, before the usual sellout (over 9,200) in the Palestra, Ramsay's pressing defenses cut off Penn's run-and-shoot game. Tom Duff and Billy Oakes threw in 42 points, and St. Joe's took the Ivy League apart 88-77. And out came the inevitable Hawks' banner: OUR JACK'S BETTER THAN YOURS.

Two other members of Philadelphia's Big Five got an even split. Bill Melchione, popery little VILLANOVA guard, shot up Detroit for 35 points and the last two, a pair of free throws with four seconds to go, beat the Titans 82-80 in the Palestra. But Temple unexpectedly fell in New York. Tomorrow cracked Temple's 2-3 zone with a methodical in-and-out passing game that opened the middle for darting cuts by Ram players and then rattled the usually poised Owls with a harassing press that eventually beat them 57-51.

Little St. Francis of Brooklyn went at St. John's with a slowdown and a tight zone and stopped the Redmen cold—for about 10 minutes or so. Then the McIntyre brothers broke it up. Ken, ball-stealing and hitting freely from outside, got 25 points; Bob, shooting from inside, got 21 and St. John's took its eighth in a row 75-61.

PENN STATE countered Phil's ball-court game with a full-court press and, almost before the visitors knew it, they were running. State won easily 59-40, as Carver Clinton scored 25 points and slick playmaker Bob Weiss, 15, Pequeense's chunky little Willie Somerset, in the doldrums lately, broke out with 42 points against DePaul, and the favored Blue Devils lost 73-69, for the first time in nine games. CANISUS' Dennis Misko, a 6-foot-2 sophomore reserve, came off the bench to stop St. Bonaventure's George Carter cold and then fired in eight quick points to give the Griffs a 30-87 upset.

## THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (14-1)  
2. VANDERBILT (12-2) 3. DUKE (10-2)

The South's big three (before) were idle last week while their players fretted over exams, but Vandy's coach, Roy Skinner, had other things to worry about, too. Southeastern Conference challengers were popping up like crocuses after an early spring rain.

Auburn, despite its first SEC loss, was the most immediate threat to Vanderbilt. The Tigers, bugged by a jinx that never lets them win in Lexington's Memorial Coliseum, shot badly against KENTUCKY and lost 73-67. Coach Adolph Rupp, searching desperately for a way out of his own unhappy dilemma, had tried to psyche his shortish Wildcats by telling them, "You don't have to be big to be champions; champions come in all sizes." Surprisingly, it worked against the Auburn team, normally strong rebounders. Rupp's "pride of lil' boys" played like 7-footers, especially sophomore Louie Dampier, who shot in 10 out of 14 tries for 22 points, and Terry Mobley, who contributed 18. AUBURN, however, recovered quickly to smash Georgia 95-65.

Then there was MICHIGAN, a newcomer to the scene with a 5-1 league record. The big, strong Gators, after holding Miami's sharp-shooting Rick Barry to 26 points while beating the Hurricanes 85-69, took Kentucky out of the race with an 84-58 thrashing in Gainesville. This time the Wildcats were simply in way over their heads. Florida's 6-foot-10 Jeff Ramsey and 6-foot-9 Gary Keller, who scored 20 points, overwhelmed

them off the boards and Dick Tomlinson and Brooks Henderson shattered their skimpy defenses for 39 points. MIAMI's Barry later got 46 in a 128-95 win over Rollins.

TENNESSEE, which had lost to Vanderbilt for its only conference defeat, was not fazed yet, either. Coach Ray Meach, who likes his Vols to shoot sparingly but accurately, put A. W. Davis and Ray Widby in the corners against Georgia, and they bombed away for 32 and 22 points, respectively, as Tennessee won 76-57.

LOUISVILLE Coach Peck Hickman is living proof that beach experts are seldom right. His Cardinals had battled Cincinnati through two overtime periods and the best part of a third, and the teams were still tied with six seconds to go when Hickman signaled for a time-out. But he quickly canceled his strategy when he spotted 6-foot-7 sophomore Joe Laidike free in a corner. He shouted, "Go, go!" instead, and Laidike obediently fired in a 20-footer to beat the Bearcats 82-80 and give Hickman his 400th victory. Then Louisville lost to DAYTON 83-78.

## THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (8-2)  
2. WISCONSIN STATE (10-2) 3. MIAMI OF OHIO (10-1)

It was a light but interesting week in the Big Ten and when it ended Michigan was still alone in first place, Iowa and Minnesota were back in the race and defending champion Ohio State was down in the cellar after five good years at the top.

MICHIGAN squared accounts with Purdue and in the process found a new ringleader for its booming attack. Oliver Darden, a



**IGNORING STRETCH** by Southern Illinois' Boyd O'Neal (31), Larry Humes gets off the shot that saved Evansville's squeal.

6-foot-7 junior who had been something of an enigma this year, suddenly found himself again. He swished in 27 points as the Wolverines battered Purdue, the team that knocked them out of an undisputed championship last year, 100-84.

The real rumble, though, was at Bloomington, where a finicky state fire marshal decided that the usually noisy crowd of 10,500 was too much for the Indiana field-house because of a shortage of exits. He limited attendance to only 3,400. Without the normal comforting din and, even worse, without ailing Guard Jon McGlocklin (bone chip in the ankle), the Hoosiers simply rolled over and played dead for hussling Iowa. The Hawkeyes won 74-68.

MINNESOTA, stepping livelier than ever following a public tongue-lashing in the Minneapolis press by star Lou Hudson, whipped Ohio State 97-77—the first time in 12 games, Hudson accused his teammates of lax play and “sclishness” and said 6-foot-6 Dennis Dvoracek and 6-foot-8 Mel Northway “could play better.” He was right about those two, anyway. Dvoracek scored 18 points, Northway picked off 18 rebounds and, along with Hudson’s 21 points and 15 rebounds, the Gophers had more than enough to throttle the Bucks.

Just when KANSAS STATE was about to be toppled out of the Big Eight race, Coach Tex Winter decided it was time to have a fling at unorthodoxy. He tried what few coaches have dared this year—to play Kansas with a pressing man-to-man with only one player on 6-foot-11 Walt Wesley. Sure enough, Wesley got 30 points, but K-State’s 6-foot-10 Roy Smith tossed in 25 and Winter gambled paid off with a 71-64 victory. Then IOWA STATE proved that Kansas could be had with a zone, too. State beat the Jayhawks 64-58. So OKLAHOMA STATE, a 55-53 winner over Nebraska, led the league by 1½ games.

Everybody had problems in the Missouri Valley. Bradley lost a nonleague game to BUTLER 80-74, Cincinnati dropped its third straight to DRAKE 89-80 and Wichita State’s Gary Thompson, who loses All-America Dave Sullivan in February, announced that Nate Bowman, his 6-foot-10 senior center, who has been averaging 12.4 points a game, has been declared ineligible for academic reasons.

MAINE OF ORION (page 59) looked good enough to challenge anyone as it bombed Kent State 87-55, while BAMA’s Johnny Dee, deciding to sacrifice height for speed, benched his big men and the free-running Irish smothered Toledo 113-65. Undefeated EVANSVILLE barely got by Southern Illinois 81-80 (left), but routed Ball State 117-81 for its 15th victory.

#### THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. HOUSTON (10-1)  
2. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-4) 3. TEXAS A&M (10-4)

It was a time for meditation and study for most Southwest Conference teams last week

as players pondered over mid-year exams and coaches sweated out their results. The independents, however, kept their hands in the game. Oklahoma City was off sampling the uncertainties of road play in the West while Houston had its troubles with TCU. The Frogs infuriated the Cougars’ zone press in the first half, and when it broke down they worked the ball for enough good shots to earn a 52-52 tie. Then Coach Guy Lewis put Houston into a more exciting man-to-man press. Joe Hammond and Jack Margenthaler hounded the TCU guards into costly errors. Hammond and Wayne Ballard each scored 23 points, and the usually conservative Cougars took the game 108-87.

Coach Don Huskins, who prides himself on TEXAS WESTERN’S strict attention to defense (third best in the nation), refused to fluster when the Miners went up against Utah State and its celebrated scorer, Wayne Estes. “We just decided to play Estes and Leroy Walker, their other high scorer, about regular and bear down on the other three starters,” he said later. The strategy worked. Estes—despite a glacial defensive job by Andy Stigler—and Walker totaled 40 points, but the other three Aggies could muster only four field goals among them. A slow, patient offense and some tough second-half rebounding by the smaller but quicker Miners finished off State 68-62. But Texas Western was too deliberate and not defensive enough against WEST TEXAS STATE two nights later. The Miners lost 56-54.

#### THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (10-1)  
2. SAN FRANCISCO (10-1) 3. ARIZONA (10-4)

The action was limited in the West last week, but JEROME YOUNG made a big enough noise to startle the inactive members of the Western AC. Utah’s Jack Gardner figured that the only way to handle BYU’s runners and gunners was to slow the game down. But his own fast breakers promptly withered away when he put them into a deliberate pattern. The Cougars, led by Dick Nemelka’s 21 points, shot a hot 54%, and ran away with the game 98-67. Grounded Utah Center Bill Ivey. “They shot so fast that by the time we could guard them, the ball was already going through the basket.”

Conference teams in the West have been quickly dropping independent Colorado State from their schedules, because the Rams are just too tough. But winning, the only WAC school still playing CSU, last Saturday demonstrated that patience has its reward. After 13 straight beatings, the Cowboys upset their tormentors 77-48. Utah State, another independent, got it, too, from ARIZONA STATE, 99-93. OKLAHOMA CITY’S scoring giants had a fine old time in Honolulu, beating Hawaii 88-79, but there was trouble back on the mainland. AAR forced-bellied the Chiefs 86-74. MATTILA’s goodophomies were marooned. They led the Chiefs past Idaho 89-72.

END

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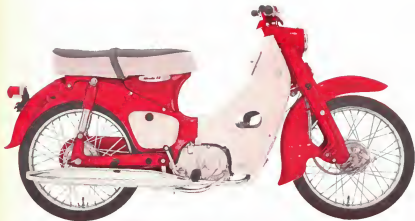
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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## UNCOVER GIRL

Sirs:

I received my January 18 issue of *SL* today and was shocked at the cover and the article inside (*The Vashis Club*). I am a teacher and athletic director at a local high school and exert a big influence on a lot of teenagers. I hope for the good. I encourage them to read good sport magazines, both to get them to read and keep up their interest in sports. I have always thought highly of your publication, but this issue really let me down. If I want my boys to read "girly" magazines I'll buy them for them.

REV. ROBERT OBERMEYER  
Springfield, Ohio

Sirs:

Is this your idea of stimulating the healthy American boy's attitude toward athletics?

MRS. GLENN MURRAY  
Pelham, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sue?  
Won't

Vernon, N.J.

W. A. BARRON

Sirs:

Tell your cover girl Sue Peterson she is beautiful. I love her. I want to marry her.

RICHARD RIGG  
Granville, Ohio

Sirs:

One thing bothers me about Sue and that suit. How does the red belt shown around Miss Peterson's waist manage to hold up the trunks in back, as your story says it does? After taking a wide survey of campus opinion, we found no good theory for the possible functional arrangement of this belt.

Can you explain or illustrate?

WARREN T. GREGORY  
The Bronx

● We can (*right*).—ED.

## IMPROVEMENT

Sirs:

Mr. Giffette's suggestion to improve basketball by having the baskets swing slowly from side to side (*19th Hole*, Jan. 18) is an excellent idea. But let's not stop there. In hockey, let's have the goal equipped with French doors so the goalie could rest and watch as electric-eye beams slam the doors shut on slap shots.

In baseball, let's put covers under first and third and mount home plate on sliding rollers. This will cause sliders in pitches, but it will cut down on the number of strikes.

In football, mount a sheet of glass between the uprights, and then watch the fun as field-goal and extra-point attempts bounce off and reduce the number of points.

MICHAEL JAY KALTER  
Iowa City, Iowa

## MIXED OPINION

Sirs:

I am grateful to your magazine for letting us know what took place in New Orleans before the AFL All-Star game and caused the Negro players to leave (*Was This True Freedom Rule?*, Jan. 18).

However, I think it could have been done as a service to those of us who enjoy sports without the assistance of Mr. Ron Mix. In effect what he (Mr. Mix) has said is, "I am a Jew, but a white Jew. I do not appreciate seeing Negro men and white women together anywhere. But I will go along with them being able to get a taxi." Which, I might add, is nothing new coming from someone who has not had, and will never have, the experience of being a Negro in this land of "freedom."

BOOKER T. NUSLEY  
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

The thinking in Ron Mix's account of the case of discrimination against Negro football players in New Orleans seems to me painfully confused. His personal experience

in Germany as a Jew is hardly relevant to what happened in New Orleans. His point that only a minority in New Orleans was guilty is old and tired. Wherever Negroes are treated as the AFL All-Star players were and a minority can blamish the majority, they should refuse to stay. The Negro players were right, and Mr. Mix is wrong in my opinion. They helped with dignity to further the cause of civil rights. The long run is not the point. It is such shameful conduct in the short run that must be opposed whenever and wherever it occurs if anything is to be accomplished.

MORRIS WEINER  
New York City

Sirs:

Certainly the 22 Negroes were right in leaving New Orleans.

However, my question is this: Who in the world selected New Orleans for the AFL All-Star game? What sense does it make to play a game of this type in a city that didn't even support an AFL team during the year? It seems to me an All-Star game should be awarded to a city and fans that supported a franchise and team during the season.

LAN BECKER  
Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Ron Mix on his fair and perceptive article last week. Perhaps leaving New Orleans was not the most judicious or even the most rational course of action. Yet I must ask myself how rational would I be when confronted personally with the total irrationality of segregation? And how rational are those individuals in New Orleans who could applaud the All-Star Negro from a lofty seat in the Sugar Bowl and yet would not admit this same Negro gentleman to their business establishments?

Does the burden of our final judgment fall on those football players who have typified everything of excellence as athletes and gentlemen? Or should it fall on those elements in a city that have allowed the ugliness of bigotry to be covered with the veneer of respectability, or at least that of acceptability?

H. P. MINKEL JR.  
Worcester, Mass.

## PHILADELPHIA STORY

Sirs:

Having been often a member of the 9,200-strong throng that storms Penn's Palestra to cheer Big Five basketball, I was immensely pleased to find and read your long-overdue article on Philadelphia basketball (*The Upstart in Philadelphia*, Jan. 18). Jack Olsen should be commended for his description of



(continued)

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## 19TH HOLE *continued*

the spirited atmosphere in the stands and his tribute to St. Joseph's fine coach, Dr. Jack Ramsey, but he overlooked one point. He failed to mention the exceptional overall quality of the Big Five teams. Although maybe not the most powerful conference in the nation, the Big Five is without doubt the strongest concentration of collegiate basketball power in any one city in the country.

NOEL L. PERRY

Philadelphia

Sirs:

As a recent graduate of Villanova University and a longtime follower of Big Five basketball, I must congratulate Mr. Olsen on his fine article.

One point, however, deserves further clarification. Big Five fans are notorious for their knowledge of the game and their love of well-played, action-packed basketball. They're hard to please. Philadelphia is fortunate in having three of the finest coaches in the country—Harry Litwak of Temple, Dr. Jack Ramsey of St. Joseph's and Jack Kraft of Villanova—and they and the coaches of La Salle and Pennsylvania do their best to see that the Big Five fans are not disappointed. So when a highly ranked or much-publicized visiting team finds the going a bit rough in the Palestra, please excuse the Big Five fans if they tend to become a little noisy or excited. They know they're seeing the finest basketball in the country, and this is their way of showing their appreciation.

MICHAEL W. LOWENSTEIN  
Havertown, Pa.

Sirs:

The *Upstart in Philadelphia* is an obvious plot to degrade the city of Philadelphia as well as the Big Five. Jack Olsen's deplorable exaggeration of the "hate" between the participating schools misrepresents the true spirit of the contests. I have friends who attend all the schools mentioned, and our feeling is one of friendly competition, with an occasional taunt which is ever-present among good friends.

LOUIS J. FLORENCO  
Philadelphia

Sirs:

I was schooled in Philadelphia and lived there until four months ago and never did I hear a native of the city pronounce water as "wooder," say "iggle" for eagle, "fig" for league or "Pennsylvania" for Pennsylvania. We never heard of a newspaper called the "Inquire"; we read the *Inquirer*.

MRS. SAMUEL H. HALTER  
Savannah, Ga.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen is in a lig by himself.  
GENE MOORE

Philadelphia

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